

*Pecunie obediunt Omnia.*

# M O N E Y

Masters all Things :

O R,

## Satyrical Poems,

S H E W I N G

The Power and Influence of M O N E Y  
over all Men, of what Profession or  
Trade soever they be.

To which are added,

*A Lenten Litany*, by Mr. C——d,  
a *Satyr* on Mr. *Dryden*, and several  
other Modern Translators ; also a *Sa-*  
*tyr* on Women in general : Together  
with Mr. *Oldham's Character* of a cer-  
tain Ugly Old P----

*Tho' Jews, Turks, Christians, different Tenets hold,*  
*Yet all agree in Idolizing G O L D.*

Printed, and Sold by the Bookfellers of  
*London and Westminster, 1698.*

THE

MONITOR

OF THE

NAVY

AND

OF THE

NAVY

OF THE



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TO THE  
**READER.**

**R** Eader, a Mifs I shall present thee here,  
Whose Company is grateful every-where;  
In Country, City, Court, and Camp, she can  
Great Services perform for any Man.  
Both Poor and Rich her Prefence do admire,  
And her Acquaintance earnestly desire;  
Labourers and Husbandmen, with Farmers too,  
Tradesmen and Scholars, all her Friendship woo;  
Physicians, Lawyers Civil and Common,  
And grave Divines too, she's scorn'd by no Man.  
The Chaplain, Curat, Vicar, and the Dean,  
Prebends and Bishops wish to entertain  
This lovely Mifs: The Nuns, with Monks and  
Friers,  
Lord Abbots, Lady Abbesses, Lord Priors;  
The Yeoman, Gentleman, Esquire, and Knight,  
Baronet, Baron, and Viscount delight  
To have her Company, where-e'er they are;  
Earls, Marquesses, and Dukes desire a Share  
In her; Princes, Kings, Emperors and Pope,  
Her to embrace, their Arms stretch forth, and ope.

Tho' Court'd thus, yet she keeps honest still;  
No Man can prostitute her at his Will:  
~~She makes her longest Stay,~~ and takes her Rest  
With those that hug her close, and love her best;  
And tho' she lodge with you in the same place,  
All th' Favour you can have's to kiss her Face:  
Tho' she'll consent you freely may her use,  
Yet have a care you offer no Abuse:  
He that presumes to wash her, or to round,  
Or clip, file, or impair her Weight, or's found  
To counterfeit her Honour, or imbrace  
Her worth, hazards his Life for such Disgrace:  
Reader, if thou enquirest after this Mils,  
Her Name then know Madam *PECUNIA* is  
The Charms and Power she has in every thing,  
And how effectually about to bring  
Her Purposes, where she does interceed,  
Hereafter thou mayst fully see and read,  
If thou wilt take the Pains but to o'er-look,  
And thoroughly peruse this pretty Book.

TO

A

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To his Honoured Kinsman, on his  
POEM called *Money Masters* all  
Things.

**S**ome specious Titles fix unto their Books,  
To tantalize the Reader, when he looks,  
And does peruse the Book, with longing Mind,  
Expecting still the Hypothesis to find,  
Of Esbicks, Physicks, Politicks, or Laws,  
Or such like various Matters, Things, and Cause,  
As by the Title-Pages are set forth:  
But in th' perusal, finding nothing worth  
That answereth his Pains, or Time, or Cost;  
His Time, and Pains, and Charges are all lost.]  
But you, Sir, to the Title you have fixt,  
Do all along so close keep to your Text,  
That he who reads your Book from End to End,  
Each Page thereof he surely must commend;  
For in each Leaf you have so plain'y shown  
Th' Obsequiousness Men unto Money own,  
That all with you must needs conclude and say  
'Tis Money, Money, Money bears the Sway.

R. J.

On

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On the following P O E M.

**W**HO in this Book by chance an Eye does cast,  
Will tempted be to look upon the rest;  
For here are Wit and Truth together joyn'd,  
So neatly intermixt, they please the Mind,  
And rouse Attention, whilst they plainly show,  
How Money governs all things here below:  
At every Turn Truth comes so patly in,  
That view the World, and there you see the Thing.  
Nor is there more of Money's pow'r exprest,  
Than what some one or other will attest,  
And from Experience write probatum est.

L. M.

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To

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To the Author, on his POEM call'd  
Money Masters all Things.

S I R, let me tell you what your Pen has done,  
You have accomplisht what was oft begun,  
Or hinted at by others; you have told  
At large the All commanding power of Gold.  
Some have attempted in a faint Essay,  
Others have dropt Remarks thereon; but they,  
Content with that, ne'er made a full survey;  
But you at last  
Have largely shown the wide and sovereign power  
Of Money, and how all things bow unto her.  
Perhaps some curious Critick will alledge,  
You have not hit the Humour of this Age:  
Your Verse is plain, were it polite and gay,  
'Twould better please the nice: To this I say,  
The gawdy Ornaments of Poetry  
Wou'd not with such a knotty Theam agree;  
What's natural and free becomes it best,  
'Twere awkward, were it polished and dress'd;  
It's better far some Matters to relate  
In lowly Style, and not in Verse of State.  
Were you to write of Emperors or Kings,  
Of conquer'd Towns, or great Heroick things,  
Then Pegafus shou'd mount, and spread his tow'ring  
Wings.

But

But here you show the World as in a Glass  
That flatters not, but Face does answer Face.  
Poetick Varnish had not beautify'd  
Your Work, but dawb'd it, had it been apply'd :  
You've chose a better way to let us see  
The Wonders of our primum Mobile,  
How't puts the Mass of all Mankind in Motion,  
To follow't with laborious Devotion :  
Wou'd any Man consider't, let him come  
To this your Universal Speculum.

T. H.

THE

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T H E  
P R O E M.

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*A Satyr upon M O N E Y.*

I.

**I**T is not the *Silver* or *Gold* of its self,  
That makes Men adore it; but 'tis for its power:  
For no Man does doat upon Pelf, because Pelf;  
But all court the Lady in hopes of her *Dower*.  
The Wonders that now in our days we behold,  
Done by th' irresistible Power of Gold,  
Our *Love*, and our *Zeal*, and *Allegiance* do mould.

II.

This purchases *Kingdoms*, *Kings*, *Sceptres*, and *Crowns*;  
Wins *Battels*, and conquers the *Conquerors* bold;  
Takes *Bulwarks*, and *Castles*, and *Armies*, and *Towns*,  
Our prime *Laws* are written in Letters of *Gold*:  
'Tis this that our *Parliaments* calls, and creates;  
Turns *Kings* into *Keepers*, and *Kingdoms* to *States*,  
And *Peopledoms* this into *Highboms* translates.

B

III. This

## III.

This *Plots* doth *devise*, then *discovers* what th' are ;  
 This makes the great *Felons* the lesser condemn :  
 Sets those on the *Bench* that should stand at the *Bar* ;  
 Who judge such as by right ought to execute them :  
 Gives the *boystr'ous Clown* his unsufferable *Pride* ;  
 Makes *Beggars*, and *Fools*, and *Usurpers* to ride,  
 While ruined *Properties* run by their side.

## IV.

Stamp either the *Arms* of the *State*, or the *King*,  
 St. *George* or the *Breeches*, C. R. or O. P.  
 The *Cross* and the *Fiddle*, 'tis all the same thing.  
 This still is the *Queen*, who-e'er the *King* be.  
 This lines *Mens Religion*, builds *Doctrines* & *Truth*,  
 With *Zeal*, and the *Spirit* ; the *factions* endu'th,  
 To club with St. *Katharine*, or sweet *Sister Ruth*.

## V.

This made that black *Senate* to sit still so long ;  
 To make themselves *rich*, by making us *poor* ;  
 This made that bold *Army* so daring and strong ;  
 And that made them drive 'em like *Geese* out of  
 (door ;  
 'Twas this made the *Covenant makers* to make it ;  
 And this made our *Lewites* to make us to take it ;  
 And this made both *Makers* and *Takers* forfake it.

## VI.

(Strators,

This spawn'd the dunghil *Crew* of *Committees* and  
 Who lived by picking their *Parliament's Gums* ;  
 This made, and then prospered *Rebels* and *Traytors*,  
 And made *Gentry* of those that were the *Nations*

(Scums.

This *Herald* gives *Arms*, not for *Merit* but *Store* ;  
 Gives *Coats* unto such, as did sell *Coats* before :  
 If their *Pockets* were lin'd but with *Argent* and *Or*.

VII. 'Tis



## VII.

'Tis this makes the *Lawyer* give *Judgment* and *plead*,  
On this side, or that side, on both sides or neither:

(read,

This makes *Yeomen Clerks*, that can scarce write or  
And spawns arbitrary Orders as various as the

(Weather :

This makes the *blue Lecturer* pray, preach and prate,  
Without *Reason* or *Truth* against *K. Church* or *State*,  
To shew the thin lining of his twice cover'd Pate.

## VIII.

'Tis this that makes *Earls*, *Lords*, *Knights*, & *Esquires*,  
Without breeding, descent, wit, learning, or merit ;  
Makes *Ropers* and *Ale Drapers* Sheriffs of Shires,  
Whose *Trade*'s not so low, nor so base as their *Sp*-

(rit :

This *Justices* makes, and wise ones we know ;  
Furr'd *Aldermen* likewise, and *Mayors* also ;  
*Makes the old Wife* trot, and makes the *Mare* to go.

## IX.

(shipful,

This makes the *blue Aprons* write themselves wor-  
And for this we stand *bare*, and before 'em do *fall* ;

(wool,

They leave their young *Heirs* well fleeced with  
Whom we're to call *Squires*, and they're to pay all,

(gawdy,

Who with beggarly Souls, though their Bodies are

(Lady ;

Court the *pale Chamber Maid*, and nick-name her a

(baudy.

And for want of Discourse they do swear and talk

For *Money* Mens Lives may be purchas'd and sold,  
 'Tis *Money* breaks *Laws*, and that mends 'em again;  
 Men venture their Quiet and Safety for Gold,  
 When they won't stir a foot their Rights to main-  
 (tain.

This *Doctors* createth of *Dunces*, and those  
*Commanders* that use to pollute their Hosiery;  
 This buys the spruce Gallant his Verse and his Prose.

## XI.

This *Marriages* makes, 'tis the Centre of Love;  
 It draws on the Man, and it pricks up the Woman:  
*Birtb*, *Virtue*, and *Parts* no Affection can move,  
 While this makes *Lords* bow to the Brat of a  
 (Broom-Man.

Gives *Vertue* and *Beauty* to the Lads that you wooe,  
 Makes Women of all *Sorts* and *Ages* to do;  
 'Tis the *Soul* of the World, and the Worldling too.

## XII.

This *Horses* procures you, and *Hawks*, *Hounds*, and  
 (Hares;

'Tis this keeps your *Groom*, and your *Groom* keeps  
 (your *Geldings*;

It buys *Citizens Wives*, as well as their *Wares*,  
 And makes your coy *Ladies* so coming and yielding;  
 (Spring;

This buys us good *Sack*, which revives like the  
 This gives the *Poetical Fancies* their Wing;  
 This makes you as merry as we that do sing.

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# MONEY

Masters all Things.

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## I. On the Longævity of Moneys Regency.

**T**Ho' Madam Money look both Brisk and  
(Gay,  
Lovely and fresh as Blooming Flowers in  
(May;

Yet she for several Centuries of Years,  
Has Raign'd, as it by Sacred Writ appears :  
For Ephron Zebai's Son, for Money's sake  
Assurance unto Abraham did make  
Of Machpelah, and th' Cave within that Space,  
That he might have it for a Burying place.  
Abraham possession took thereof, and made  
Room in the Cave, and Sarah therein laid.  
Three thousand and five hundred years are past  
Since this, and more, yet Money runs as fast,  
And vigorously, as if but in her Prime,  
And never had appear'd before our Time;

B 3

Tho'

Tho she in former Times has born great Sway,  
*Judas* for her, his Master did Betray, (Spun,  
 Since which near Seventeen hundred years are  
 And yet she strenuously about does Run;  
 For Madam Money will never be old  
 So long as Sun and Moon there Course do hold.  
 As she in former Ages did Enchant,  
 And Men lead as she pleas'd, she still does Vaunt,  
 That she's grand Mistress yet of the same Art,  
 And's not desidious to act her part:  
 Her Company to gain, Men wait and tend,  
 And her they'll Idolize to the World's end.

II. *On the Consequences that attend the Restraint  
 and Prohibition of Moneys free Currency.*

When Regal Power, or States do put Restraint  
 On Moneys Currency, there's great Complaint,  
 City nor Country, know not how to Live,  
 When Money Transmigration cannot have;  
 When she's prohibited by the Command  
 Of Supream power, to pass from Hand to Hand,  
 Both Rich and Poor, do sadly then complain,  
 For without her all comfortless remain:  
 When Money is compell'd to disappear  
 The Griping Usurer must then forbear,  
 No Debts can then be got, tho long time due,  
 When she Absconds, 'tis but in vain to Sue:  
 Land-lords must want their Rents then at Rent day  
 Money's proscrib'd, the Tenants cannot pay:  
 Tradesmen are hopeless, Live 'twixt hope and  
 (fear,  
 With careful Thoughts when Money'll not appear.  
 Yeomen and Husbandmen do stay at home,  
 With longing Thoughts, to hear when Money'll  
 (come.  
 Poor

Poor Lab'ers then are ready for to Weep,  
 They know not how their Families to keep;  
 If Money's Company they cannot have,  
 They're in despondency their Lives to save;  
 'Tis she Revives the Gentleman and Clown,  
 Where she comes not all Hearts are there cast down;  
 When she's at liberty all Men are glad,  
 But when Restrain'd, they're Mestive then and Sad:  
 For her Restraint does all Mens Minds perplex,  
 She's *Salus populi, suprema Sex*;  
 For tho Men fret and fume, are full of Gall,  
 If Money interceeds, she quiets all.

III. *On the power of Money in general.*

Money the Goddess is, which all Adore  
 She Charms the Universe, with her bright Ore;  
 All Ages, Sexes and Opinions be  
 Fondly in Love, with this fair Deity:  
 Her Votaries she has in every State,  
 And Princes Court, and other potentate.  
 In all Cabals and Meetings near so close,  
 She by her Charms, their Secrets can disclose;  
 Cunning hatcht Plots thought to be surely laid,  
 Have been by her discover'd, and betray'd;  
 And she by her Infatuating Pow'r,  
 Hath shew'd the Company, the place and hour.  
 The greatest Secrets and Clandestine Things  
 Acted by Popes, or Emperors, or Kings,  
 For love of Money have been plainly shown,  
 Which otherwise would never have been known.  
 In County, Camp and Court, she bears the Sway,  
 And is so prevalent, she's ne'er said Nay;  
 Her power can raise to Honour, or throw down  
 A Noble Man, advance a Silly Clown;

If you desire to have your princes Ear,  
 Make use of her, and then you need not fear;  
 For she into the presence Chamber brings  
 Some that without her, near shou'd speak to Kings.  
 She introduces some, brings into grace,  
 Many who Honour merit not, nor place.  
 Favour she can procure at any time,  
 And make a Dunce unto preferment climb,  
 When Parts and Worth, neglected are and sit  
 Discouraged, and no Employment get.  
 Where she does not appear to interceed  
 There's then small hopes your Business will succeed.  
 'Tis Money, that procures a Man respect,  
 And want thereof, is slighted with neglect.

IV. *On the former prevalency of Money, at Elections for Members of Parliament.*

Such as desirous were, and had intent  
 To be chose Members for the Parliament,  
 Where choice of such was order'd to be made,  
 Money they made their Friend, that was the Trade.  
 He that was free of purse, and treated high,  
 Neighbours unto the place he could put by;  
 And Gentlemen of good account that way,  
 They did our Vote, and so obtain'd the day.  
 Money did make the Burrough Men all keen  
 To give their Votes, tho' they had never seen  
 His Face, until th' Election came in hand,  
 Yet then their Tongues, and Hearts he did Com-  
 Money sometimes did silly Men prefer (mand.  
 To places of this Trust, when others far  
 More worthy for their parts, were set aside,  
 For Money in this Case, was the main Guide.  
 And bore the chiefeft Rule in every place,  
 Men to this high preferment brought, and Grace;  
 Vertue

Vertue and Worth will now contend with Gold;  
 This place of Trust must not be Bought or Sold.  
 But honesty and parts, are now preferr'd,  
 Which oft-times Money heretofore debarr'd.

V. *On Persons in high and honourary  
 Imployments.*

Money is sure a Witch, and doth delude  
 Men in great place, as well as th' Multitude.  
 If she her glittering Spells before Men cast,  
 They're Captivated then, and held so fast,  
 That neither Honour, Wisdom, Honesty,  
 Nor place of greatest Trust, nor Gravity  
 Can them secure from this unhappy Fate,  
 Witness some famous Men but now of late :  
 Such is the force of Money at all Times,  
 That she can aggravate, or lessen Crimes ;  
 The Guiltless she can Guilty make we see,  
 And can prevail to set the Guilty free.

VI. *On Moneys former Regency in the Universities,  
 and Inns of Court.*

If you Reside at the University,  
 And there a very Dunce or Rake-hell be ;  
 Yet Batchelour, and Master too of Arts,  
 For Money you'll be made, tho' you want Parts.  
 And if you'd still advance, to be more Famous,  
 Doctor you may proceed then by *Mandamus*,  
 Without your keeping Acts or Exercise ;  
 So whether you are Learn'd, or otherwise  
 Does not appear, Money does salve up all,  
 She can a Fool unto preferment call.  
 The meanest Lawyer oft-times we may see  
 By Moneys help, preferr'd to the Degree

Of Serjeant at Law, altho he've never Read,  
 And in's profession is a dunder Head.  
 Money has power to raise him higher still,  
 For she a Judge can make him if she will.

VII. *On the Court of Chancery.*

If you've a Cause in *Chancery* does depend,  
 And you upon a Master must attend  
 For his Report, then *Guineas* must appear,  
 Else you of great delay may stand in fear;  
 And when's Report he makes unto the Court,  
 Perhaps you'll have no cause to thank him for't.  
 Who beat the Cushion best, shall have respect,  
 Favour i'th Cause, the other side neglect:  
 Miss Money with her Charms can make him kind,  
 He all Advantages i'th' Cause shall find,  
 If she appears not, he's then sadly Blind.  
 Solicitors and Clerks too, must receive  
 Encouragement from her, else they will give  
 Neither Respect unto your Cause nor you,  
 Will no Attendance give, nor kindness shew,  
 But Lady, Money will your Cause right State  
 And prove for You a powerful Advocate.

VIII. *On the great Predominancy Money has in all Courts.*

In every Court Experience shews each day,  
 That Money bears the Over-ruling Sway.  
 If she in the *Kings-Bench* does but appear,  
 Or th' Court of *Common-Pleas*, they her Revere,  
 Or in th' *Exchequer*, or that the *Affize*,  
 Or *Sessions* of the Peace, she does Surprise.  
 For she in every Office Regent Sits,  
 And there at all times has her lucky Hits.  
 She can procure dispatch without delays,  
 Or make you dance attendance many days.

Money



( II )

Money can expedite, or can deterr,  
Discover Truth, conceal it if you erre;  
This Lady can do ought that you would have,  
She either can condemn, or she can save.  
All Officers to her Obeysance owe,  
With Hat in Hand to her the Knee they bow.

IX. *On Divines.*

Money some grave Divines makes to dispense  
With all the Checks of tender Conscience,  
Swallow down any Oath, and never stick,  
Rather than lose a fair Rich Bishoprick,  
Good Deanry, Prebend, or Fat Parsonage;  
Their Credit they'll expose upon the stage  
Of Censure and Reproach, rather than fail,  
If they in their Pursuit may but prevail:  
Such are the Charms of Money, that they will,  
By nice Distinctions, and Scholastick Skill,  
Prove all things Lawful which they know and find  
Assisting are to their aspiring Mind,  
And may advance some steps in the Ascent  
Of the desired Stage of their Intent,  
Of living Great, Supine and Easie Lives,  
Make Children rich, and trowning high their Wives.

X. *On wicked Judges.*

Money does partial Judges Eyes so blind,  
That they the Truth can neither see nor find,  
But are mis-led into some Errour great,  
Mistake the Cause, I will not say a Cheat,  
But they're so strangely led into Mistake,  
That they the greatest Wrong for Right do make,  
Misrepresent the Evidence i'th' Cause,  
So th' Jury give a Verdict 'gainst the Laws:  
Money can make a Cause more clear by far,  
Than the profoundest Lawyer at the Bar.

XI. *On*

XI. *On Lawyers.*

*Bos in Lingua* has been a Proverb long,  
 For Money surely charms the Lawyer's Tongue;  
 She stupifies his Sense, and makes him dumb,  
 He nothing says in's Client's Cause, but Mum:  
 Book-Cases he forgets, and of his Sense  
 He's now depriv'd, has lost his Eloquence,  
 And jingling Harangues, which Lawyers use  
 The Cause to puzzle, and Court to amuse;  
 The wrangling Logick too he us'd to have,  
 And urge in Court his Client's Cause to save,  
 He now has clear forgot, and cannot give  
 One single Reason, the Cause to retrieve.

XII. *On Justices of the Peace.*

To Justices of Peace Men rarely bring  
 Money for Favour, but some other thing,  
 As Turkies, Geese, Pigs, Capons they present  
 To them, or to their Ladies with Consent;  
 Or else the Clerks by the poor Men are see'd,  
 That th' Justice may at Sessions interceed,  
 And speak for them, to get 'em a Discharge  
 Of their Recognizance, to go at large:  
 So tho' to Money th' Justice is not bent,  
 Yet he will something take equivalent.

XIII. *On Clerks of the Crown, and of the Peace.*

Clerks of the Crown and Peace, to bring about  
 Their slient Designs, oft issue out  
 Illegal Process, thereby Cash to get:  
 This makes the People at such Practice fret.  
 If Judge or Justice should hear of the same,  
 They'll find Excuses to evade the Blame.  
 So 'tis in vain to clamour at the Wrong,  
 You may as well sit still and hold your tongue.  
 When

When Bayliffs come, you must pay what they ask,  
 Or they'll distrain; tho' it's an heavy Task.  
 Money to pay, where none is due of Right,  
 But this we find is oft o'erway'd by Might.  
 Money and Friendship do o'er-master all,  
*Better sit still than rise and get a Fall.*

XIV. *On Clerks of Assize.*

Clerks of Assize contrive, and beat their Brain,  
 What way their Place will them afford most Gain;  
 Sometimes they wheadle, sometimes fret and storm,  
 And threaten People if they'll not inform,  
 Or swear to some Indictments, what care they,  
 Whether be true or false, so they get Pay:  
 'Tis Fees, 'tis Fees they look for, and will have;  
 Money procures Reprieves, and Life can save.  
 Tho' Proofs prevail not, nor what Lawyers plead,  
 When Money comes, she hits the Nail o'th' head:  
 'Tis She can free you without Bond or Bayl.  
 Or can continue you still in the Gaol.  
 What is't that Money does not at all times,  
 She frees the guilty, guiltless loads with Crimes.

XV. *On Attorneys and Solicitors.*

Attorneys and Solicitors Money charms,  
 To throw their Client's Cause into her Arms;  
 Then Business they neglect, and take no Care,  
 Counsel to see, or Witness to prepare.  
 The Client a Bayliff fees, to cry about  
 Runs here and there to find's Attorney out,  
 Who purposely absconds, keeps out of sight,  
 And ne'er intends to do his Client Right.  
 The Client, when too late, does understand  
 His honest Cause was lost, 'cause not well man'd,  
 He blames th' Attorney, who for his Excuse,  
 Begins his honest Client to abuse;

Tells

Tells him, when as the Cause in Court was nam'd,  
 T'appear in such a Cause, he was aham'd:  
 And says, if he the Truth had understood  
 At first, that's Client's Cause had not been good,  
 He'd not have meddled in't ; so with a Scoff,  
 And a meer Sham, he puts his Client off.  
 Thus Money can non-suit, Defaults can call  
 Judgments Arrest, Money is all in all ;  
 She can demurr, o'erthrow or save a Cause  
 On either side, with or against the Laws.

XVI. *On Spiritual Court Men.*

If in the Spiritual Court you chance to be  
 Presented there, by some for Bastardy,  
 Clandestine Marriage, or such like Offence,  
 The Court for store of Money will dispense  
 With any Crime, and for your Money's sake ;  
 Dismissed you shall be, no Penance make.  
 But if this Idol's wanting, and you're poor,  
 You then are sentenc'd by the Chancellour,  
 Some Corporal Penance publickly to make,  
 That others may by you Example take.  
 But in the other Case, the Chancellour,  
 The Advocates, Proctors, and Register,  
 When all of them have got a good large Fee,  
 Then they contrive a way to set you free,  
 If you Whore-monger be, or Whore, or Jilt,  
 Money prevails to set you free from Guilt.

XVII. *On Domestick Chaplains.*

If you Domestick Chaplain chance to be  
 Unto some Person of good Quality,  
 When-e'er my Lady's Woman fears she'll prove  
 With Kid unto her Master, he doth move  
 The honest Chaplain some Respect to shew,  
 Adviseeth him the *Abigail* to wooe ;

Tells

Tells him her Lady such great care does take  
 For her, that she will her a Fortune make ;  
 And I too for my Spouse sake will bestow  
 First Living that falls in my Gift on you,  
 That you with Comfort long may Live together  
 Solacing your selves, in one another ;  
 The hopes of Cash, and Living too does Charm  
 The Chaplain so, that he in Love grows Warm ;  
 He Courts the Prostitute, who does seem Nice,  
 His Amours not admitting in a Trice ;  
 Yet after some Addresses she is Won,  
 And so the Chaplain gets a butter'd Bun.  
 Upon th' Enjoyment, he perceives a Cheat  
 On him is put, the Cushion some have beat  
 Before he came, and made it fit for use,  
 He's grieved in his Mind at this abuse.  
 But then bethinks himself since 'tis his Lot  
 He must be pleas'd whether he will or not ;  
 And so his hopes do solely rest in this,  
 That now she's Wed, she'll do no more amiss.  
 And thus, the Idol Money has such Power  
 A Man for love thereof will Wed a Whore ;  
 He that Weds such, in hopes she honest prove,  
 May afterwards repent his fond hot Love.

XVIII. *Non-conformists.*

Some Non-conformists, we oft see tempted are  
 To wear a Surplice, keep Set Forms of Prayer,  
 Kneel at the Sacrament, great Reverence show  
 To th' Altar, at the Name of *Jesus* bow ;  
 And at the other Rights no scruple make,  
 And all this for a good Rich Living's sake,  
 Which store of Money does them yearly bring,  
 For love of which, they'd yield the Mass to Sing ;

This

This Goddess Reforms, and Transforms a Man,  
Prevails with some more than the Gospel can.

XIX. *On Romish Priests.*

If you your Father Confessor do feed  
With Cash, you need not fear what Life you lead,  
For you may Kill, Rob, Steal, Drink, Whore and  
Incest commit, without regard or fear, (Swear  
Or other Crime, for he can Pardon all,  
Your great and crying Sins, as well as small ;  
And when you die, if unto him you leave  
A good round Sum, he then your Soul can save  
From Purgatory, to Heaven straight it goes,  
Evades all Purgatory, Pains and Woes.  
And so tho' Money can't perennate your days ;  
Yet after Death, she hath the power to raise  
You unto Bliss, if you have stedfast Faith ,  
And can confide i' th' Priest, and what he saith.

XX. *On Quakers.*

Tho some that seem Hot *Quakers*, will not Swear,  
Yet when Things of Advantage do appear,  
By which great Profit they may get ; O then,  
They'll Lye, Dissemble, Cheat like other Men :  
The Light within them by the Spirit Fed,  
For love of Money is Extinguished ;  
And the Old Man within 'em, now bears Sway,  
And so we're not to trust their Yea and Nay,  
Altho it be the *Quakers* Zealous Passion,  
It is mere Cant, and great Diffimulation.

XXI. *On Land Officers in the Field or Garrisons.*

If Money to a General does appear,  
She charges all, breaks through Front, Flanck and  
This *Dalilah* enticeth, till at length, (Rear,  
She doth discover his whole Armies Strength,

Wherein

Wherein it does Consist, and how it lies,  
 Then with her Lusture dazleth his Eyes;  
 He's taken with a Slumber, senceless made,  
 And no Alarum takes, till all's betray'd ;  
 His Army was so Posted, that none could  
 Dream of Surprize; but Oh the power of Gold  
 And Silver Charms, Money's bright shining Twins,  
 O Money, Money when a War begins,  
 Thou canst prolong it, or can make it cease,  
 Thy Umpirage determines War, and Peace,  
 Tho th' Cause be near so Just, when Wars begun ;  
 Yet without Money, it cannot go on.  
 Money procures both Arms and Men to Fight,  
 She can defend the Wrong, 'oer throw the Right,  
 Can make the Cannons to Shoot 'oer or short,  
 To Batter, Beat down, or not hurt a Fort,  
 Make Fuzees Fire or Die, or Bombs fall down,  
 And to Destroy, or not Destroy a Town.  
 Besiegers and Commanders Gold bewitches,  
 Their Men cut off, within their Mounds and Ditch-  
 Or wittingly betray'd, 'till the dead of Night, (ches,  
 And so confusedly do make their Flight,  
 Leaving their Guns, and Baggage for a Prey  
 To the Besieged, when they Run away.  
 As Money Siege can raise before a Town  
 So when before't, an Army does sit down,  
 And specious Terms unto the Town does tender,  
 She can entice them quickly to Surrender ;  
 Altho the place be Strong, and can hold out,  
 Money can strangely bring the thing about,  
 Where Vigorous Assaults can not prevail,  
 Money can open Gates, and Walls can Scale.  
 Besiegers and Besieged her obey,  
 It's Money that doth bear the Bell away.

The Town of greatest Strength, Money has won,  
 Which by the Force of Arms, could not be done.  
 Great *Lewis* knows, this practice is his own,  
 For this not Force, has gain'd him many a Town.  
 For Money Officers false Musters make,  
 And also for this tempting Idols sake.  
 Their Souldiers they will Cheat, of Clothes and Pay,  
 Quarters o'th' Tick leave, when they March away.  
 Money's so tempting, when she comes to Hand,  
 Rather than part, they'll hazard a Disband,  
 She bears the Rule in great, as well as small things,  
 Money at all times, strangely masters all things.

XXII. *On Sea Officers.*

Money does Officers at Sea so Charm,  
 That Enemies may Sail by without Harm.  
 She Anchors them so fast, they'll not get free,  
 Or else the Fogs are thick they cannot see,  
 Until the Fleet of Enemies pass by,  
 And then the Officers do them descry,  
 O then they follow, and pursue amain,  
 Discharge Broadfides, but not a Man is Slain;  
 Or if there be, its some unluckly Shot  
 The mischief does, which they intended not.  
 Stores being gone, then they make off from Sea,  
 Get fresh Recruits Aboard, expect some pay;  
 Then they to Sea again return to Cruise,  
 And spend their Princes Store in like Abuse,  
 As they had done before; so all this while  
 Their Prince of pay, and Stores they do beguile.  
 Money where she attempts, she does prevail  
 Duty and Loyalty to set to Sale;  
 And Shipwrack makes of a good Conscience,  
 Makes breach of Trust and Oaths, seem no Of-  
 fence.  
 Such



Such Power this Fascinating Goddess hath,  
 She makes Men Abdicate Fear, Shame and Faith.  
 A Conqueress, we may her truly call,  
 For Money does o'erpower and master all.

XXIII. *On Privateers.*

The Privateers do Cruise about the Main  
 Hazard their Lives and Ships, Prizes to gain.  
 And then the Masters must compound and pay,  
 Or else the Men and Ships, they'll tow away ;  
 But if it be these Roving Robbers Fate,  
 To fall 'ith' Road of Men of War, that wait  
 These Privateers to Fight and Seize upon,  
 And they are ta'en, they then are quite undone.  
 For Men of War no composition take,  
 But these Men and their Ships, free Prizes make,  
 Pirates expect Money will be their Lot,  
 But they themselves sometimes do go to th'pot.  
 Money's so prevalent none can withstand,  
 Men venture for their Prize by Sea and Land.

XXIV. *On Skippers, or Master's of Ships.*

Money will make the Skipper Anchor weigh,  
 And in the foulest Weather go to Sea ;  
 And leave his Friends, and Children, and his  
 Hazard his Men, his Ship too, and his Life. (Wife,  
 So charming is the glittering of this Ore,  
 That none can him perswade to stay on Shoar.  
 With or without a Wind, to Sea he'll go,  
 Maugre his Friends whether they will or no ;  
 For Money is so much his Hearts delight  
 That neither Storms nor Tempests him Affright.

XXV. *On Witnesses in a Suit at Law.*

Money makes things so evident and clear,  
 To th' time before they're Born some Men will  
 (swear,  
 Others

Others she makes, they can't well remember  
 Whether in *April* 'twas, or in *December* ;  
 Or in what Year, or how the thing did happen,  
 They're now grown Senseless, and has all forgotten.  
 Money distracts, takes Memory away,  
 They know not what was done but *Yesterday*.  
 She Memory can quicken or decrease,  
 Can make a Witness Swear, or hold his Peace.

XXVI. *On Under Sheriffs, and Associates to  
 Clerks of Assize.*

For Money the Subvic keeps you at home,  
 So that you need not to th' Assizes come.  
 And if you by mistake, or in some Hurry,  
 Happen to be Return'd on the Grand Jury,  
 If Money but appears before the Eyes  
 Of the Associate, to th' Clerk of Assize,  
 He'll skip your second call, no Bayliff Swear,  
 So you're excus'd from Service and from Fear,  
 And now may walk about, or take your ease,  
 Impend your time with whom and where you please.

XXVII. *On Seal Keepers to Sheriffs.*

The Sheriffs Seal Keepers, and Clerks for Money  
 Will give you timely notice, when there's any  
 Process against you brought, that you at home  
 May save your self and Goods, er' th' Bayliffs come  
 To make a prey of you, and what you have,  
 So when the Bums do come, then they will rave  
 And hunt about, and stamp, and foam like mad,  
 When not so much as Fees are to be had ;  
 They being twice or thrice thus serv'd, you may  
 Compound, get easie Payments and long day,  
 And by this means great Charges you may save,  
 Which Sheriff and the Bayliffs else would have.

XXVIII.

XXVIII. *On Bayliffs.*

Altho' a Bayliffs chiefeft Friend you are;  
 Yet he for ftore of Coin perhaps will dare  
 You to Arreff, or elfe he will betray  
 You to his Confreers, and fhew how they may  
 Your Perfon feize, make known the time, and  
 (where,  
 Of which th' poor harmlefs Man ftands in no fear.  
 Cauſe his ſuppoſed Friend fits by Demure,  
 So the poor Fellow thinks allis Secure;  
 But at long run, the Catchpoles hurry in,  
 And then the Judas rouſes, does begin  
 To Fret and Storm, and Quarrel every one,  
 When he himſelf in truth's the Cauſe alone;  
 And ſo behind Back, with a Fleering Laughter,  
 The poor Man like a Sheep is lead to the Slaughter,  
 By which its plain, a Rascal Bayliff will  
 His neareſt and beſt Friend for Money Sell.

XXIX. *Jaylors.*

Jaylors for Money, will great kindneſs ſhow,  
 Irons keep off, above and not below  
 Your Lodg'd, may Eat and Drink too at their  
 Have any thing you lack if you are able (Table,  
 To pay for it, but if you're Poor, you're thrown  
 Into th' low Gaol, no favour then is ſhown;  
 And tho' your Caſe be miſerable Sad,  
 Yet there no Pity, nor Regard is had,  
 Imperious Jaylors Lord it, if you're Poor,  
 You muſt with Patience their Scorns endure.  
 But Money Friendſhip gets, does never fail,  
 Altho' you're kept and coopt up in a Gaol.

XXX. *On Cuſtom Officers.*

To Cuſtom Waiters both by Land and Water,  
 How to get Money, is the only matter,

At which some aim; for where they get a Fee,  
 Tho' they be Sworn, yet they can Oversee,  
 And hazard both their Conscience and their Place,  
 For Money's sake they'll venture a Disgrace;  
 But when no Money does appear, O then  
 They're in their Office very Zealous Men,  
 Will make strict Search, and Rummage round about  
 Discovery to make, and find things out;  
 For which there's Custom, or some Duty due,  
 Then they're Severe, and will no Kindness shew;  
 But tell you, that they are upon their Oaths,  
 And so will grope you round upon your Cloaths,  
 That there be no Concealment by you made,  
 You must excuse them then, for't is their Trade.  
 Money the Eyes can close, or open bring,  
 They can discover, or not see a thing,  
 Things done in time, or out of time all's one,  
 Or if not done at all, she can atone;  
 Money makes things pass current any time,  
 And can atonement make for every Crime.

XXXI. *On Serjeants at Arms, or Pursewards.*

If Serjeants at Arms, or Purseward  
 Be sent for you, and Money you do want  
 To palm the Man, then he will Search about,  
 And make Enquiry, till he finds you out.  
 And then away he'll hale you in great haste,  
 He's other Work in hand, so cannot waste  
 His time to wait on you; but you must go  
 Along with him, whether you will or no;  
 But if you've store of Money for a Fee,  
 And gratifie him well, he'll Oversee;  
 Then back again return, leave you behind,  
 And make response, that he could not you find.

But when that he unto your House did come,  
 You'd taken a far Journey, gone from home,  
 The time you would return, uncertain was  
 So he was for'ed to let the Butinefs pass;  
 Thus Money blinds his Eyes, he can pass by,  
 And at's return excuse it with a Lye.

XXXII. *On Excise Officers.*

Th' Exciseman a Concealment can o'er look,  
 For a good Fee not enter't in his Book,  
 And where he has a kindness he can charge  
 At easie Rates, others set down at large,  
 For the Poor Alewives have in this no Skill,  
 So th' Officers may charge them as they will,  
 And whatsoe'er they set them down, they must  
 At the next sitting pay, for there's no Trust;  
 The General Riders, and Surveyers too,  
 This Goddes Money do Adore and Woo,  
 Think nothink troublesome, nor count it pain,  
 If they but this bright Goddes can obtain;  
 And likewise every other Officer  
 Does Complement, Cringe, and make Leggs to her.

XXXIII. *On Stewards.*

If you would have a Farm at easie Rent,  
 Let my Lords Steward know, what's your intent;  
 Be free to him, and he will bring't about,  
 For he does always know, when Farms are out.  
 So if you store of Money to him bring,  
 At easie Rent, he'll place you on the thing,  
 Will get you Licence some fresh Land to plow,  
 Or cut down Wood, and any kindness show.  
 Thus Money proves a powerful Advocate,  
 In Country Butinefs, and Affairs of State.

XXXIV. *On Surveyors of Land.*

If there be Land that you would have Survey'd,  
 And you th' Surveyor would your Friend have  
 Let Money then accost him as your Friend, (made;  
 She so effectually will recommend  
 Your Business unto him, you may command  
 Such a Return and Survey of the Land,  
 As you Instructions give and do require,  
 He'll make it more or less as you desire;  
 Money so tempting is, that she can have  
 A Man for love of her, become a Knave,  
 Rather then suffer Money to pass by,  
 Men to oblige her, will both Swear and Lye.

XXXV. *On Messengers.*

If you be in Arrear of Fee Farm Rent  
 To th' King, a Messenger to you is sent;  
 And when he comes his Fee you must first bring,  
 And pay him down, before you pay the King.  
 From th' Kings *Exchequer*, he tells you there's due  
 Eight pence a Mile, which he expects from you;  
 If you want Money he will then Distrain,  
 So you must hunt about, for its in vain  
 To think to slur him off, for he will stay  
 And not stir from your House till he get pay;  
 Your time for th' payment of the King may crave,  
 But I say he, my Fee will surely have,  
 And when I come again, you may expect  
 Each time I'll have my Fee, for your neglect.  
 Himself and Horse you kindly entertain,  
 And then betimes 'ith' Morning do complain,  
 No Money you can get, than he will take  
 A Silver Tankard, Cup or Bowl, so make  
 Requital, in this base ungrateful way,  
 And so take Horse farewell he cannot stay.

And

And then your Plate along with him must go,  
 He's the King's Messenger, who dare say no?  
 The love of *Money* does most Men bereave  
 Of all that's good, no Manners she does leave.  
 Conscience nor Honesty where Men do set  
 Their minds on nought but *Money* how to get.

XXXVI. *On Astrologers or Nativity-Casters.*

If you unto Astrologers are free  
 Of *Money*, they'll cast your Nativity  
 To be auspicious, fortunate, long Life;  
 And if you be a Man, then a rich Wife  
 You sure shall have. And if a Woman, she  
 Shall wed an Husband of great Quality.  
 Nought but Prosperity does you attend,  
 Whenas your Stars do no such thing portend.  
*Money* does make Men in their Judgments err;  
 Just as you pay them, so they shall declare.  
 If nobly you do pay, good Fortune then;  
 If meanly, various, 'tis like other Men.  
 They likewise in horary Questions give  
 A good or bad Response, as they receive  
 More or less Cash from you, out of your Purse,  
 So shall their Answers be, better or worse.  
 Thus *Money* leads a Man which way she will,  
 Makes him forget his greatest Art and Skill,  
 And does a very Changeling of him make;  
 To Right or Wrong he'll subscribe for her sake.

XXXVII. *On Common Informers.*

Common Informers oftentimes do pretend  
 Men guilty are, when they do not offend;  
 Tell them they have transgressed and broke the Law,  
 And so they keep poor silly Men in awe.  
 Extorting Bribes by Fraud and base Deceit,  
 For which sometimes a Pillory they get.

Then

Then otherwhiles, where they do get a Fee,  
 They manifest Offences will o'ersee :  
 Thus *Money* right or wrong they'll surely have,  
 For she's the dear Solatrix they do crave.  
*Money's Memento* always in their Ear is,  
*Faciam ut mei semper meminris ;*  
 The Thoughts whereof do run so in their mind,  
 Their All they set at stake *Money* to find.  
 Their Credit, Place, and Conscience *sans* control ;  
 For *Money's* sake they'll pignorate their Soul.

XXXVIII. *On griping Landlords.*

Some Landlords minds on *Money* are so bent,  
 They never cease to rack and raise their Rent :  
 If they can *Money* get, they do not matter  
 Tho' the poor Tenants sit with Bread and Water.  
 To skrew and squeeze the Men they ne'er give o'er,  
 Until the Tenant's brought to Beggars Door.  
 When they the days of Payment cannot keep,  
 The Landlord's gone with all then at a sweep ;  
 And leaves the poor Man and his Family  
 Unto the charge and care o'th' Constabulary.  
 Some Men ne'er care if *Money* comes but in,  
 For they believe Oppression is no sin.

XXXIX. *On Conservators of Rivers.*

The Rivers Conservators, who are made  
 T'inspect that Fishermen leave off their Trade  
 In spawning-time, and when Fish kipper be,  
 If *Money* does appear, they can o'ersee,  
 Connive at naughty Fish not fit for use,  
 When *Money* pleads i'th' Fishermen's Excuse.  
 She can condone unlawful Nets and Spears,  
 Lines, Leyfters, Trolls, Pots, Angles, Leaps, and  
 Wears.

And



And all illicite Engines in the Water,  
 If she but wheedles up the Conservator.  
 Her Blandishments the Man cannot withstand,  
 If she intrudes her self into his Hand :  
*Syrenick* Mifs, with thy bewitching Wiles,  
 Men of their Honefty thou oft beguilest.

XL. *On Usurers.*

If you to borrow *Money* stand in need,  
 If your Security be good, you speed ;  
 But then the Usurer he doth expect  
 Payment of Interest you'll not neglect  
 Every six Months, or else be sure he'll call  
 Both for the Use and for the Principal :  
 And if you're not provided to pay't in,  
 To threaten you with Law he does begin.  
 Then you must treat th' old Miser, Presents make  
 To th' Wife, or Son, or Daughter, and them take  
 For Friends, that you may keep't to further Day,  
 Till you the same are able to repay :  
 And thus they're harrassed that *Money* lack,  
 Enough to make their very Heart Strings crack.  
*Money* is sure the Root of every Evil,  
 And th' love thereof proceedeth from the Devil.

XLI. *On Young Lasses.*

The curious Girl come of good Parentage,  
 Of comely Body, Beautiful, right Age,  
 Endow'd with Nature's prime and chiefest Arts,  
 Which one wou'd think could charm Beholders  
 Hearts ;  
 Yet, if she *Money* lack, she's only gaz'd  
 And lookt upon, and for a Beauty prais'd :  
 But often stays until her Beauty fade,  
 Before she's courted, and a Wife is made.

And

And then the Courtship oftimes proves to be  
 By those who are below her Quality ;  
 To whose Embraces she must yield consent,  
 Else single Life to lead must be content.  
 Whereas the Squint-ey'd, Lame, deformed Lads,  
 If she has *Money*, does for Beauty pass ;  
 Persons of all Degrees do her admire,  
 Not for her self, her *Money* they desire.  
 Which if she wanted, no Man wou'd endeavour  
 To gain her Love, but she might stay for ever.  
 Curse on this *Money* that does Men ensnare,  
 To leave the fine, and take the courtest Ware.  
 She forces Men Deformities to woo,  
 All Sizes, Ages, and all Colours too.

XLII. *On Clerks to Justices of the Peace.*

Clerks to the Justices of Peace do love  
*Money* to get ; for her sake they will move,  
 And vigorously for you will intercede,  
 If of your Purse to them you freely bleed :  
 And them profusely Fee, you then command  
 Their help for you, they Back and Edge will stand.  
 At Sessions get Discharge upon your Call,  
 So that you need not there appear at all.  
 Or any other Service they can do,  
 Either at Sessions, or at Home, for you.  
*Money's* a Friend in Court, or other Place,  
 Can any Time procure, she's in such Grace.  
 If *Money* comes, the Clerk's your Friend, ne'er  
 fear it,  
 If she's withdrawn, *nullus Amicus erit.*

XLIII. *On Horse Races and Foot-Courses.*

If you've a mind to keep a running Horse,  
 A good Estate it craves, and a good Purse :

For when you Match, tho' you're assur'd to have  
 The Match, yet if your Rider prove a Knave;  
 He'll *Money* take, perfidiously betray,  
 And will for lack of Riding lose the Day;  
 Or throw your Horse, or out of Wind him ride,  
 Or purposely run on the Stoops wrong side,  
 And so the Match and Keeping too are lost,  
 Then home you come, and fret to be so cross.  
 In most Foot-Courses too, like Tricks are plaid,  
 When Wagers are put down, Cheats then are made;  
 Such vassous Wiles in Money are we know,  
 She makes both Horse and Foot run swift or slow.  
 This Idol *Money* the whole World deludes,  
 Both Private Persons, and whole Multitudes.

XLIV. *On Gamesters and Gaming.*

Gamesters will cheat at Cards, and with false  
 Dice,

The love of Money tempts them into Vice:  
 When taken with false play, they'll damn and swear,  
 To get their Prize will stab Men without fear.  
 The dearest Friends will quarrel to such height,  
 When they're at Game, they'll one another fight.  
 The sordid Humour, and covetous Desire  
 Men have for *Money*, instillate this Ire.  
 Some she makes merry, and some others sad;  
 Some full of Passion, and some raving mad:  
 Such strange Effects she works, as she thinks good,  
 Her Power's so strong she's not to be withstood.

XLV. *On Seamen and Land-Soldiers.*

Give Seamen *Money* and you may procure  
 These Men the greatest Hardships to endure;  
 Despise all Dangers, fight with might and main,  
*Money* does make them fearless to be slain.

'Tis

'Tis she makes Soldiers fight by Sea and Land;  
 Pay them but well, and then you may command,  
 And greater Numbers have in readines,  
 Than you have need for, without Drum or Prefs.  
 They'll then not hide themselves, run into Holes,  
 But briskly throng to you in numerous Shoals.  
 The force of *Money* all things does command,  
 Navies at Sea, and Armies too by Land.

XLVI. *On Agents to Regiments.*

Debauched Officers that *Money* want,  
 Repair to th' Agent of the Regiment,  
 Who always keeps a Bank for such intent,  
 They'd better take it up at ten *per Cent*;  
 For his Exactions are so high, that he  
 Brings those make use of him to Poverty.  
 When those are thrifty do receive their Pay,  
 With the Debauchees Shares he runs away.  
 For such of them as Drink, and Game, and Whore,  
 They him enrich, themselves make bare and poor,  
 Which him delights, his Heart's on *Money* bent,  
 He cares not what becomes o'th' Regiment;  
 Whether its broke, or stands, does sink or swim,  
 If he gets *Money*, its all one to him.  
 Whilst some Men fondly lavish all on Whores,  
*Money's* the only She that he adores.

XLVII. *On Oppressing Mortgagees.*

Some Mortgagee will at Advantage lie,  
 Upon the Rigour of's Security  
 He will insist, on Niceries will stand;  
 He'll neither purchase all, nor part o'th' Land  
 He has engag'd; nor will he let you rest,  
 But he with Threats and Suits will you molest;  
 So neither Sell the Land, nor Let you can,  
 To th' best Advantage unto any Man.

By

By means whereof he knows that he must seize;  
 Further he'll not account than he receives:  
 So he'll dispose, and Let at easie rate,  
 And so will worm you out of your Estate;  
 For he'll his Purposes so bring about,  
 You'll never live to see the Mortgage out:  
 So by this crafty means he'll you compel  
 For present Maintenance, your Land to sell:  
 Then his own Terms he'll make, for him or's  
 Friend.

Having now gain'd the Point he did intend,  
 If he be told his Doings are unjust;  
 To look for's own, he says, he will and must.  
 The Law allows what he has done, he'll say;  
 But *Summum Jus est Summa Injuria*.  
 And tho' the thing now troubles not his mind,  
 Yet afterwards he'll wish he'd been more kind.  
 When he on's Death-bed lies, he'll sigh and groan,  
 No Mercy can expect that none has shown:  
 His Conscience then t'accuse him will begin,  
 Tell him Oppression is a crying Sin.  
 And then he'll cry, wou'd he'd more Favour shown,  
 And wish that he the Land had never known.  
 The Gains he's got by the poor Debtor's Cross,  
 He finds will now be his Eternal Loss.  
 Money nor Lands no Comfort now do bring;  
 A Conscience good is the sole Sovereign thing.  
 He now with heavy Groans repents the Evil,  
 When he's afraid he's going to the Devil.  
 Who at his Death will Mercy beg and crave,  
 Must in his Life time Mercy shew and have.  
 But *Money* is so prevalent with some,  
 They never think what's afterwards to come.

XLVIII. *On Chief Constables.*

Quarterly Moneys on Constableries charg'd,  
 By Master chief sometimes the same's enlarg'd :  
 Sixpence, a Groat, or Threepence in a Town,  
 Above the Summs the Sessions do set down ;  
 Which Overplus he puts into his Purse,  
 Tho' tis a Cheat, he likes himself no worse :  
 And tho' he knows if it discover'd be,  
 He shall be punish'd for such Knavery,  
 Turn'd out of Place, indicted too, and find,  
 Yet love of *Money* runs so in his mind,  
 He'll hazard both his Credit and good Name,  
 Exterminate all fear of worldly shame :  
 Such Power's in Money, and such Feats she works,  
 That Christians, Heathens, the Jews and Turks,  
 And all Persuasions, she charms to betray  
 Credit and Conscience too, her to obey.

XLIX. *On Players.*

So much of precious Time is spent by Players  
 That they can scarce get time to say their Prayers.  
 The Archimimick sets each one his Part,  
 Which they with care and pains must get by Heart  
 The grave and serious Parts suits some the best ;  
 Like Prince or Politician some are drest ;  
 Soldiers, Tradesmen, *Valet de Chambre*, *Beau*,  
 Like Countrymen, or wheedling Pimps some show.  
 Russians, and merry Drolls, or Lovers keen,  
 Or in some other shape the Men are seen.  
 Women great Queens or Ladies some must be ;  
 Some virtuous Wives, Lovers or Jilts you see.  
 Others mad Jealous Fools, some Bawds, some  
 Whores,  
 With quaint Discourse they spend their time, and  
 yours.

Musick

Musick, and Dancing, and Singing you may hear  
Objects to please the Eye, tickle the Ear.

Variety of Actions here you have,  
To please the Frolick Humour, and the Grave.  
Rich Clothes and Fashions alamode are there,  
And change of Scenes with curious Paint appears.  
No Artifice is wanting which they think  
Will tempt their Auditors to part with Chink.  
Money's the tempting thing that brings them there,  
If Money fails, no Player will appear.  
Money's the lovely Miss that they adore,  
Tho some perhaps come there to meet a Whore.

*L. On Old Men and old Women.*

Money will make a fresh young buxom Lass;  
Let an old crazy Dotard her embrace;  
She'll think him brisk, and fresh as Rose in June:  
If wanted Wealth, she'd sing another Tune.  
And he which now enjoys her Maidenhead,  
She wou'd disdain, and fly his hated Bed:  
But she her brisk Amours does soon forsake,  
And her old Man she does a Cuckold make:  
And that's the Fortune of old silly Fools,  
That match themselves to such young Airy  
Tools.

The withered old Woman, if she have store  
Of Cash, the young Gallant will her adore,  
And swears she's lovely, he dies if he miss her;  
Whereas if poor, she'd make him sue to kiss her.  
Th' old Creature does believe, is at's Command,  
Plights him her Troth, and gives to him her Hand,  
Consents to Marriage. He visits her each Day,  
And she like a young Girl does toy and play.  
At length the Day does come that they are wed,  
And he against his Stomach goes to Bed.

D

He

He kisses her, and fore against his Will,  
 Her old lascivious Humour does fulfil.  
 Thus for a while he'll please, and flights her not,  
 Till he her Money, Gold, and Bonds has got;  
 And then he weary grows, and cannot kiss,  
 Loathes her Embraces, and must keep a Miss  
 Under her Nose, for th' pleasure of his Life,  
 With whom he'll kiss in spite of his old Wife.  
 Th' old Woman storms that she's so much ne-  
 glected,

And the gay fluttering Miss is so respected.  
 She sighs and sobs that she alone must lie,  
 And her brisk Youth abhors her Company,  
 And nought delights him now but his young Miss;  
 But such the Fruits of such a Marriage is:  
 For Youth and Age are very seldom found  
 In their Embraces constant firm and found.  
 The one repents the Folly they've run in,  
 While t' other wallows in their Lust and Sin.  
 Equality in Age and in Degree,  
 And Fortunes too, makes the best Sympathy.

LI. *On the Necessitous Person and the Miser.*

Money, if we do but consider't well,  
 We find produceth good Effects and ill.  
 Necessitated Persons she relieves,  
 And out of Misery she them retrieves;  
 She consoles them when their Hearts are down,  
 And them does animate 'gainst Fortune's Frown.  
 But to the Miser she's another thing,  
 Great Infelicity to him does bring.  
 The more he gets, the greater is his Curse,  
 For he thereby becomes still worse and worse;  
 The more he has, he still does covet more,  
 He'll not desist till Death knocks at his Door.

Then



Then all his hoarded Treasures he would give,  
 To bribe and put off Death, that he might live.  
 But now he sees the folly of his Gains,  
 They cannot Life prolong, nor ease his Pains.  
 Money no Comfort now affords the Man,  
 When he begins to look pale, faint, and wan,  
 And sick to Death, O then he does express  
 Great Grief and Sorrow for his Wickedness:  
 And if he were but to survive, he would  
 Abhor the eager griping after Gold.  
 But Death's inexorable, gives no Days,  
 No Pleadings he admits of for Delays.  
 But when he comes poor Mortals to arrest,  
 They Nature's Debt must pay without contest.

LII. *On Friendship and Acquaintance.*

If your Acquaintance, which you once have  
 known,  
 Was rich, and's now grown poor; you'll scarce  
 him own;  
 Especially if you foresee and know  
 He comes an humble Mendicant to you,  
 You'll not remember then that you before  
 Have seen him. Walk, Sir, trouble me no more.  
 Pox on this Money that she shou'd thou make  
 A Man his old Acquaintance to forsake.

LIII. *On Young Wives and Girls.*

Many young Wife and Girl, thro' long pursuit,  
 With Money tempted is to prostitute  
 Her curious Body, and pawn her Honour  
 Unto some young Gallant that's brisk upon her.  
 Her blooming Youth, and Rosie Colours stain,  
 With base Adulterous Practices for Gain.  
 Thus, thus this Idol Money does intice  
 Many fine Creature to submit to Vice;

And great Debauchery without controul,  
To th' Bodies Ruin, and immortal Soul.

LIV. *On Quarrels and Differences.*

Great is the potency in Money's had,  
The force thereof produceth good and bad :  
This wicked Mifs does make dear Friends fall out;  
Great Foest to be great Friends, she brings about.  
Money can make Men one another sue,  
And act such things as afterwards they rue.  
Nay Money makes them one another fight,  
And murder out of hand sometimes in spite.  
She Quarrels breeds, and also Reconciles ;  
Which way she will, she leads Men with her Wiles.  
Nor Wit, nor Force is able to withstand,  
Her Charms are such she all Men does command.

LV. *On Church-wardens, Surveyors, &c.*

Church-wardens and Surveyors of Highways,  
Sessors, and Poor's O'er-seers now a-days,  
And other Officers, altho they swear  
Their Office truly to perform, they fear  
No Oath, nor do they stand at all in awe  
Of Checks of Conscience, or of the Law ;  
If they can either Money get or save,  
Each of these Officers will be a Knave :  
Getting or saving is such a tempting thing,  
She'll private Persons cheat as well as th' King.  
All Men the Goddess Money court and woo ;  
To compass her they care not what they do.

LVI. *On Schoolmasters.*

The Pedagogue who rules as petty King  
O'er his young Subjects, unto those who bring  
In their Relief, and make him punctual Pay,  
Observing constantly their Quarter-day,

O'er such his Rule is gentle, mild, and free,  
 But o'er the rest 'tis perfect Tyranny.  
 Money does make him kind and pitiful  
 To Lads who are insipient and dull ;  
 He'll put them right when they are at a loss.  
 To Boys slack in their Pay he is more cross :  
 If they have not *ad unguem* every Word,  
 Then he to them no Favour will afford,  
 But up they go forthwith at his Command,  
 And feel the smart of his correcting Hand.  
 Dunces with Money Friendship can obtain,  
 When Wit without her Friendless does remain.

LVII. *On Doctors of Physick.*

When one is sick, if Money do appear,  
 She can prevail to have the Doctor there ;  
 And if she freely do attend the Man,  
 Then he'll prescribe the safest Rules he can,  
 And his Opinion tell of the Disease,  
 And will prescribe such things as shall give ease.  
 Each time he comes, if he receives a Fee,  
 Then frequently you shall the Doctor see ;  
 And so long time as he does Money find,  
 Comfort he gives to your discons'late mind ;  
 Tells you he hopes the Danger is quite over,  
 When he's assur'd that you cannot recover.  
 There's hopes of Life as long as he gets Chink ;  
 But when that fails, he knows not what to think.  
 He then looks slightly, and begins to say,  
 All hopes are past, you spend so fast away.  
 He tells the sick Man's Friends he cannot live,  
 He speaks the truth when they've no more to give.  
 And if the Poor be sick, he's then in haste,  
 Or very busie, has no time to waste.

Money must come her self, or else you must  
 Want his Advice, for Doctors will not trust.  
 If he be sure that he shall get no Pay,  
 The Doctor's Tongue-ty'd, and has nought to say.  
 And so the Poor alone on God depend,  
 Whilst th' Rich their Money on the Doctors spend:  
 Which tho' the masters all things that have Breath,  
 She cannot lengthen Life, nor master Death.

LVIII. *On Petty Constables.*

The Constable, that ancient Officer,  
 The Idol Money sometimes does prefer  
 Before his Conscience, and for her sake,  
 Th' Offenders he can neither see nor take,  
 But makes Return, that he cannot them find,  
 Lets them escape; Money has made him blind.  
 Tho he be sworn truly to execute  
 H's Office, th' Cause is clear, needs no dispute:  
 To be accus'd of knavery the Man is loath,  
 Yet Money he prefers before his Oath,  
 And rather than this charming Miss he lack,  
 Credit and Conscience too must go to wrack.

LIX. *On Fencing Masters.*

The Master of Defence for Money will  
 Appear upon a Stage to shew his Skill,  
 And Art in Fencing, there before Men's Eyes,  
 And publicly will fight to get a Prize;  
 Himself adventure to be cut and flast,  
 And sometimes maim'd perchance, or soundly gasht.  
 Byt is Antagonist; sometimes in rage,  
 Disgracefully in scorn thrown off the Stage.  
 So sprightly vigorous is Money's Charm,  
 He will adventure both Disgrace and Harm:  
 Nay Men about Miss *Money* make such stirr,  
 That they will resolutely die for her.

LX. *On Dancing-Masters.*

The Dancing-master will his Coopees shew;  
 He steps and winds, if he of Money know:  
 He'll skip about, and nimbly dance and play,  
 When Entering-penny's come, or Quarter-day:  
 Money does make his Heart and Feet so light,  
 That he can cut his Capers bolt upright.  
 But when he *Money* wants, he's sadly dull;  
 If not his Belly, yet his Heart is full.  
 He's out of Order much, ready to swoond,  
 He scarce can alleviate his Feet off Ground.  
 Such Vertue is in *Money* that she can  
 Put Life and Spirit into any Man,  
 When she appears to them; but when she's gone,  
 Their Hearts are dull and torpid as a Stone.

LXI. *On Mountebanks.*

The Mountebank he traverseth much Ground,  
 To find the place where Money does abound;  
 There up he sets his Stage, where ev'ry Day  
 He shews himself, *Andrew* the Fool i'th' Play  
 For Money does appear, who for a Wit,  
 Does come behind his Master ne'er a whit:  
 Thus Money can produce any Disguise,  
 Can make a Wise Man Fool, and Fool seem Wise.  
 Then when from ev'ry quarter of the Town,  
 People are crowded in to see the Clown,  
 And gaz'd at him some time, and laugh'd a-while,  
 The Master then, with graceful Cringe and Smile,  
 Begins aloud to set forth and proclaim  
 His own admir'd Merits, and his Fame,  
 And tells what mighty Cures both far and near,  
 He hath perform'd in each Place here and there.  
 You may, says he, enquire the Certainty;  
 But you'd as good believe as go and see.

After his long Harangue, he's then willing,  
 To give you a small Packet for a Shilling,  
 Containing many Medicines, whose worth,  
 The little printed Paper does set forth.  
 But when you come to try the things indeed,  
 You'll find they're all but Cheats in time of need.  
 If you do wait with Money in your Hand,  
 O then you may be certain to command  
 His best Advice in whatsoe'er you will,  
 And know the very bottom of his Skill.  
 A Wen, Hair-lip, or Cancer too he may  
 A Cure perhaps perform, and take away;  
 Which any one can do as well as he,  
 That is but skilfull in Chyrurgery.  
 If you are Blind, or Deaf and cannot hear,  
 He'll bid you trust in him, and do not fear,  
 For he will cure, and can recover both:  
 But in such Case to trust I shou'd be loath;  
 For we can seldom hear, or ever find,  
 That they the Deaf make hear, or cure the Blind.  
 Money's the tempting Bait at which they bite,  
 Care not if you ne'er hear, nor get your sight.  
 The only thing's your Cash they hanker after;  
 If you ne'er mend, they'll turn't but to a laughter.

LXII. *On Trades, Mysteries and Professions  
 in general.*

Rich Merchants, Mercers, Grocers, Drapers too,  
 Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, and the Skinners Crew;  
 Merchant Taylors, and Habberdashers fine,  
 Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners for Wine;  
 Cloth-workers, Dyers, Brewers of small and strong,  
 Leather sellers and Pewterers then throng;  
 Barber-Surgeons, Armourers, White-Bakers,  
 With Wax and Tallow-Chandlers, their partakers.  
 Cutlers,

Cutlers, Girdlers, Butchers, and Sadlers near,  
 Carpenters, Cordwainers, Painters compleat;  
 Curriers, Masons, Plumbers, Jolly Men;  
 Inholders, Founders, Embroiderers: Then  
 Poulterers, Cooks, and Coopers claim next room.  
 Then Brick-layers, Bowyers, and Fletchers come;  
 Blacksmiths and Joyners, with Plaisterers right,  
 Weavers and Fruiterers, Scriveners next in sight.  
 Bottle-makers, Horners, and Stationers;  
 Then Marblers, Wooll-Packers, and Farriers,  
 Pavours, Lorimers, Bakers of Brown,  
 Woodmongers, Upholsters; Turners then own  
 Next place; then Clerks and Watermen,  
 Apothecaries; and the Glovers then;  
 Distillers, Clock-makers, and Silk-Throwers pass,  
 Makers of Soap, and Felts, Sellers of Glafs.  
 Then Workers in Tin-Plate, Makers of Combs,  
 Basket and Needle-makers after comes:  
 Makers of Pins, of Hatbands, and of Pipes,  
 Fisher-men, with Victuallers and Shipwrights;  
 Cheefemongers, Jewellers, Hop-Merchants, Salef-  
 men,

Cole Merchants, Trunk-makers, and Retail-men.  
 Cane-sellers, Piece-men, Spurriers, White-Tawers,  
 Cole-meeters, Button-men, and Cloth-drawers.  
 Oil men, Perfumers, Sutlers, Refiners,  
 Staplers, Confectioners, Looking-glass-grinders;  
 Dial-makers, Bridlers, Coffee-men, Smoakers,  
 Brass-casters, Collar-makers, and Brokers:  
 Makers of Whips, of Paper, and of all  
 Sorts of Instruments Mathematical.  
 Gold-beaters, Calendar-men, Pawn-takers,  
 Flax-dressers, Silver-smiths, Feather-makers.

Makers

Makers of Instruments of every kind  
That Musick make, either with Strings or Wind.  
Silk-Weavers, Copper-smiths, Tent-makers, Naylers,  
Makers of Anchors and Cables for Saylor's ;  
With Ropes, and Sail-Clothes, and Pullies fitting,  
Flags, Streamers, Hammocks, all things for Ship-  
ping,

Sellers of Perriwigs for every Age,  
Made all-a-mode for Beaus, and for the Sage ;  
Fine neat Semstresses, that make up Linen,  
Fit for the wearing of Men and Women.  
Those that in Gloves and Ribbons drive a Trade,  
And Venders of Women's Heads that's ready  
made ;

Makers of Wyre-Grates, and fine Bird-Cages,  
And Spectacle-makers for all Ages.  
Corn-Chandlers, Mealmen, Binders of Books,  
Makers of Cards and Dice, and Fishing hooks ;  
Sellers of Potters-Ware, Baskets and Toys ;  
Makers of Button-moulds for Men and Boys.  
Chandlers, Sellers of Signs, Pictures, and Maps,  
Of Looking-glasses, Morning-Gowns, and Caps.  
Venders of Thread and Tape, all sorts of Lace,  
Sweet-Powders, Essence-Waters for Hands and  
Face :

Brush makers, Seeds men, sellers of Fringes,  
Of fine Spring Locks, Keys, Bolts, Screws, and  
Hinges.

Makers of Harness, and all sorts of Bits ;  
Sellers of Fire-grates, Tongs, Pans, Racks and Spits ;  
Framers of Iron-work both neat and rare,  
Carvers in Wood, Artists beyond compare.  
Makers of Women's Pattens, and their Clogs ;  
Fine Buttons, gilded Buckles, Collars for Dogs.

Of



Of Razors, Lancets, and choicest Scissers,  
 With Surgeon's Instruments and Twissers;  
 Sellers of Bells and Lewers, with fine Hawk-Hoods,  
 Searses, Hair-cloth, and Nets, with such like Goods,  
 Perspectives, Telescopes, Glasses for sights,  
 Great and small Burning Glasses, and Lamp lights;  
 Makers of Frames for Signs, and Barbers Poles,  
 Cork-cutters, Tanners, Printers, sellers of Coles:  
 Truckers for any Goods by Sea or Land,  
 Sellers of Household-goods at second hand;  
 Scowiers of Clothes, with Botchers when they fail,  
 Translators fitting up old Shooes for sale;  
 And cunning Dressers of old Hats for view,  
 Who by their Art can make them look like new.  
 Makers of Chairs, Coach and Calashes too,  
 Guilders and Varnishers of them for show:  
 Makers of Coffins, Dressers for the Dead;  
 Rare Statue makers both of Stone and Lead.  
 Those that in Leather-cases drive a Trade,  
 All sorts of Sheaths, Black Boxes ready made  
 For Deeds and Writings, which concern Mens  
 Lands;

Boxes for Ruffles, Perriwigs, and Bands.  
 The makers of all sorts of Lasts and Heels,  
 Blocks, Winders for Yarn, and spinning Wheels;  
 Clothworkers, Carders, Spinners, and Pressers,  
 Tuckers and Fullers, Weavers and Cloth dressers;  
 With Turners and Winders, Shearmen, Teasers,  
 Weighers and Mixers, Separaters, Pressers:  
 Makers of Coverlets, Rugs, and Ticking;  
*Manchester*-Tape, and what the Men are quick in;  
 Shinglers and Mill-wrights, Cappers and Knitters,  
 Wheel-wrights and Higlers, Jobbers and Fitters:

These

These Traders all in the pursuit of Gains,  
 Early and late do seek with Care and Pains,  
 Some Money by their Trades to get or save;  
 Money's the only Miss for which they rave.  
 Houses cannot be kept, nor Rents well paid  
 Unless good store of Money's got by Trade :  
 'Tis she brings Comfort to the Tradesman's mind,  
 For then he cares not which way blows the Wind.  
 Money procures them all things that they lack,  
 And where she's wanting all things go to wrack.

LXIII. *On Merchants.*

Merchants no venture at the Sea wou'd make,  
 Were't not for hopes of Gains, and Money's sake;  
 For if they thought that Money wou'd not come,  
 Then they wou'd keep their Goods and Ships at  
 home :

'Tis Money makes them fearless of all Loss,  
 Tho sometimes they return with weeping Crosse;  
 Not fear'd with Losses, they still hope to find  
 Fortune will prove auspicious and more kind ;  
 So they'll adventure still, and not give o'er  
 Their fresh pursuit to gain this gilded Ore,  
 Till some of them adventure all they have,  
 And so are brought meer Bankrupts to their Graves;  
 Whilst others do arrive to great Estate ;  
 So variable is all Human Fate.  
 This Lady when cajoll'd sometimes will fly,  
 And of her self at other times draw nigh.  
 Tho' she's a Witch, as some have understood,  
 And doth a Man oft-times more harm than good;  
 Yet so delightful all her Charmings are,  
 That Poor and Rich in her desire a share ;  
 So that in all things, whether great or small,  
 It is apparent *Money Masters all.*

LXIV. *On Mercers and Drapers.*

If you to th' Mercer or a Draper go,  
 With Cash in hand, good pennyworths he'll show  
 Of Cloth, Stuff, Silks, and Gold and Silver Lace,  
 Buttons, and other things for Use and Grace:  
 And if your Taylor's Counsel here you have,  
 I'm sure by that you'll neither gain nor save.  
 If all at large be not cut off, he'll fret,  
 For then, poor Man, he does less Cabbage get.  
 When without Cash unto these Men you go,  
 And they your Reputation well do know,  
 They'll shew Respect, and tell you in a Word,  
 That as cheap Pennyworths they will afford  
 As if you ready Money brought; but when  
 Your Name is enter'd in their Books, O then  
 The fair-tongu'd Tradesman will so highly nick,  
 That you pay Ten *per Centum* for your Tick:  
 So if in two Years time your Score is paid,  
 He's a sufficient Gainer by his Trade.

LXV. *On Grocers.*

Altho the Grocer does not raise his Price,  
 Yet he'll put off his faulty rotten Spice  
 Where you do Tick; if ready Money comes,  
 Then you have Raisins plump and round as Plums;  
 And if you take a Parcel, he'll afford,  
 The choicest Spice he has, upon his Word;  
 And he will pick and cull them out so clean,  
 That not a Stone or Stalk 'mongst them is seen.  
 But if you Tick, you must take what they'll give,  
 And have your choice, either to take or leave.  
 For you cannot expect you may command  
 Such Ware as those with Money in their Hand.  
 Money can view their Barrels, Frails, and Tubs,  
 And have the choicest of their Wares and Goods.  
 But

But when she's wanting, and you buy on Trust,  
Then any Truth into your hands they'll thrust.  
Money prevails with Tradesmen, gets Respect,  
When Friendship and Acquaintance finds neglect.

LXVI. *On Goldsmiths.*

The Goldsmith when he shews and sells his Plate,  
Cannot with ease impose or put a Cheat  
On you, because it's to be understood  
'Tis by the Standard try'd, and mark'd for good.  
But when you come amongst his Rings to gaze,  
Diamonds and Rubies, Emeralds, Topaz,  
Carbuncles, Hyacinths, and many more,  
Which he can shew amongst his Radiant Store ;  
Pendants, Pearl Necklaces, and Jewels too,  
All which do make a splendid glorious show ;  
To value these the Buyer wanteth skill,  
So Goldsmith sets the Price down as he will :  
If Money in his Heart bears rule, then he  
Will prize them at a very high degree.  
Or if he's pleas'd to take a mod'rate Gain,  
As he will tell you, yet 'tis very plain,  
Let th' Price which you do pay be what it will,  
If afterwards you're forc'd to pawn or sell,  
They'll say they gotten Water, and are soil'd,  
So that the sparkling Lustre of 'em's spoil'd ;  
When as in truth they're not a Penny worse  
Than when you bought 'em first. But, O the curse  
Of Money, whose Delusions have the power  
To make her Lovers right or wrong pursue her.  
The things for which you Twenty Pounds have  
given,  
Perhaps they'll have the Face to bid you Seven ;  
Their Conscience says, where Money does come in,  
To swear, dissemble, lie, and cheat's no sin.

LXVII.

LXVII. *On Taylors.*

If you to take up Goods your Taylor trust,  
 Then near the half of every thing he must  
 Take for himself, as he does take for you;  
 Thus to augment your Score, he helps to skrew:  
 And tho' the Devil at his Elbow sit,  
 He'll venture still to chear and steal a bit  
 Of Gold or Silver Fringe, Buttons or Lace,  
 Rich Silks, fine Cloth, and counts it no disgrace:  
 Money he knows by such Tricks will come in,  
 Conscience is cauteriz'd, perceives no sin.  
 So when the Taylor does bring home your Clothes,  
 If you ne'er pay his Bill, he cannot lose.

LXVIII. *On Habberdashers.*

The smooth-tongu'd Habberdasher smiles and  
 prates,  
 Makes you believe he sells at th' lowest Rates,  
 And says he will not set a Doit down more  
 Than if you paid in hand, run not o'th' Score  
 For Beavers, Casters, Felts, Linings and Bands,  
 And says he puts choice Ware into your Hands:  
 Your Payment's good and sure I know and own,  
 So none but right choice Ware, Sir, I have shewn:  
 So fine and cheap a Hat, Sir, then he'll cry,  
 In all the Town I'm sure you cannot buy.  
 But all's meer Banter, Tradesmen cannot live,  
 Without Exacting, where they credit give  
 So if you choice and cheap Ware wou'd command,  
 Then go with Lady Money in your Hand.

LXIX. *On Vintners.*

The Vintner if you are a constant Guest,  
 And nobly spend, you need not then request  
 The choicest Wine, for he will on his Word,  
 Bring the best his Cellar doth afford,

And

And sit down by you, not go out of sight,  
 Nor leave your Company by Day nor Night,  
 So long as you will sit and drink good Wine,  
 Tho' it be ne'er so late, he'll not repine ;  
 Money comes finely in, and that's the thing  
 Rubs off all careful Thoughts, and makes Men sing.  
 When you're defatigate, can drink no more,  
 Your Gust and Appetite for to restore,  
 Luke Olives with Anchovies are brought in,  
 Which when you taste, afresh you do begin :  
 Place three or four Bottles more in sight,  
 And then you sipple off, so bid Good Night.  
 But when the Miser does come in and call  
 For Gill or Pint of the best Wine, You shall,  
 The Drawer cries, have that that's very fine,  
 Canary, Rhenish, White, or Claret Wine.  
 Let me a Gill of your best Sack then have ;  
 You shall, you shall, he cries ; and then the Knave  
 Good and bad Wine does mix, then up does pass,  
 And pours some neatly out into the Glas.  
 How nitty and how rasy't looks, cries he,  
 This is good Wine, Sir, if you'll credit me.  
 The Miser tastes, and smacks it in his Mouth ;  
 I fear you've cheated me, you cunning Youth.  
 Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis the very best ;  
 None such I'd draw, were't not at your request.  
 Pray taste it then : He sups, and squirts it out ;  
 Why Sir, what ails this Wine ? you'll not find out  
 A better Glas i'th' Town, this I dare say.  
 The Miser drinks it off, so goes away,  
 But does suspect there's better Wine i'th' House,  
 But not for th' Custom that's not worth a Louse.  
 Those that do freely spend, the best Wine may  
 Command, when th' sparing Niggards are said nay.  
They're

They're the best Company that freely drink,  
 And fill the Vintner's Purse with shining Chink.  
 Your Money he admires and loves 'bove you ;  
 For when that fails, no Kindness then he'll shew.

LXX. *On Dyers.*

Dyers not pleas'd with honest lawful Gain,  
 Will you possess your Stuffs are dy'd in Grain;  
 And that your Blacks are first made perfect Blue,  
 And such a Spot they for that purpose shew :  
 Affirm their Colours all are perfect Dye ;  
 But when you come t'experience them, and try,  
 You'll find them quickly turn, begin to fade,  
 Because the Liquor was not truly made,  
 With right good Druggs, but any Trash put in  
 That is but cheap ; a Cheat they think's no sin,  
 But point of Wit, if Money's thereby got ;  
 Money's the only thing for which they plot.  
 Conscience they'll stretch beyond both Shame and  
 Fear ;

Money to them more precious is and dear ;  
 Find out an honest Man, and him then try,  
 He that lives well can never badly Dye.

LXXI. *On Brewers.*

The common Brewer, where he gets good Pay,  
 Best Liquor unto such he sends away ;  
 But those that drive him long, and take no care  
 To pay, he any Swillings sends in there ;  
 For such as answer not his Call with Chink,  
 They neither get right Measure, nor good Drink.

LXXII. *On Pewterers and Brasiers.*

The Pewterers and Brasiers seldom give  
 Credit, but with Respect they'll you receive  
 Into their Shops, w<sup>ill</sup> shew what Wares you will ;  
 London Pewter, or double Metal sell,

At as low Rates as possibly they can,  
 For Money must be had, that makes the Man.  
 Where Money's wanting, each one will despise,  
 Tho' you're Discreet, Ingenious, and Wise.  
 Money procures Respect in every place,  
 Tho' your Descent be ne'er so mean and base.

LXXIII. *On Barbers.*

Your cringing Barber powder will and comb  
 Your new Bob-Wig, then to you bring it home,  
 And puts it on your Head, the Curls does set,  
 It suits you well, says he, does finely fit.  
 'Tis cheap, Sir, of two Guinea's as e'er I made  
 Since first I learnt and understood the Trade.  
 And yet for thirty Shillings paid in hand  
 In ready Cash, this Wig you may command.  
 Then Sir, your fine long Wig he'll surely fix,  
 And place down in his Book at Guinea's six;  
 When you for five Pounds may, paid down on sight,  
 The self same Wig, or else a better might  
 Have put into your hands, finely set out,  
 With many Thanks, and Conges too to boot.  
 O ready Money, thou'rt the only Mischance,  
 For most Men seek thee as their only Bliss.

LXXIV. *On Surgeons.*

The Surgeon where he knows he'll Money find,  
 He often Visits there, proves very kind;  
 Your Wounds with such great safety he will dress,  
 That he all Fev'rish Symptoms will repress:  
 And if your Wounds do chance to be inflam'd,  
 Or with some Obtuse Weapon you are maim'd  
 And bruised sore, he then will breathe a Vein,  
 Remove black, yellow Spots, and ease your Pain:  
 But then for Money sake he will retard,  
 Keep back the Cure that you will think it marr'd.

Then



Then he will laugh, and tell you that he could  
 Have cur'd you sooner if so be he would;  
 But then he tells you, he must search the Wound  
 To th' very bottom, if you wou'd be sound,  
 And firm indeed, and have no After-Sore,  
 And so become worse than you were before.  
 These Men for Money too can also cure  
 The Flux, Pox, Astmah's, and the Calenture,  
 Coughs, Rheumatism, Costiveness and Pain  
 In the small Guts, or Giddiness i'th' Brain.  
 They many Cures can do for Money's sake,  
 Which if 'twere wanting, they'd not undertake.  
 For when the Poor under their hands do lie,  
 Friend we can cure you, presently they'll cry.  
 But you must look about, and Money bring,  
 To pay for and discharge this and that thing;  
 So as the poor Man does for them provide,  
 Good or bad News to him it does betide;  
 For to say truth, oftimes for want of Cost,  
 Many poor Man's undone, and meely lost;  
 For where there Money lacks, its very sure,  
 There will be no Attendance, Care, nor Cure.

LXXV. *On Sword Cutlers.*

The flatt'ring Cutler, when you want a Sword,  
 And he your Credit knows, and takes your Word,  
 He'll tell you then, you shall have th' choicest Ware,  
 Pay or pay not, all's one, he does not care:  
 Trust to my Honesty, good Sir, he'll say,  
 And then he certainly does make a Prey  
 On you, and sets the Price so high and great,  
 That his pretended Friendship proves a Cheat;  
 And you'll find then, if Money you'd paid down,  
 In every Pound you might have sav'd a Crown;

Altho' a Tradesman is your Friend he'll say,  
Yet there no Friendship is like ready Pay.

LXXVI. *On Butchers.*

Butchers oft times their Flesh puff up and blow,  
That it may plumper and more viewly show,  
By means whereof the Buyers they do cheat,  
And with their stinking Breath corrupt the Meat.  
Then when they've Lamb and Veal that's lean and  
silly,

Kidneys they'll stuff and scure up ; then tell ye,  
The Meat is fresh and good, plump, fat, and fair ;  
But when you try't, you'll find it nauseous Ware ;  
They meazl'd Pork, and Flesh dead by mischance,  
Or of some bad Disease, will dare t' advance,  
And lay upon their Stalls, and sell't for good,  
Which they know well is base unwholsome Food,  
And they may punish't be for selling such ;  
But if they Money get they care not much ;  
Tho' they that us't into Diseases fall,  
They matter not, Money's their All in All.  
And if you to their Shop do send for Meat,  
To have it fresh, you'll find they'll put a Cheat  
On you, altho they'll promise fair, and say,  
You shall no more than other Buyers pay ;  
Yet Three-pence or a Groat a Joynt they'll have  
More than the Market-price ; which you might  
save,

If you to th' Market sent, and wrangled there :  
But you perhaps a Servant cannot spare ;  
Thus every Trade for greediness of Gain,  
Will Cheat and Lie, 'tis evident and plain.  
O Madam *Money*, what stir for you is made,  
Your Company's desir'd by every Trade.

LXXVII. *On Sadlers.*

The Sadler a fine Saddle with good Bolsters,  
Embroyder'd House, good Stirrups, and rich Hol-  
sters,

Brings to your Lodgings, tells you that it's rich,  
Has cost him many Hours and careful Stitch.  
I've laid out all my Monies, dare you trust,  
Say you ; Yes Sir, says he, I with you durst -  
Take so much Ware as I dare credit you ;  
You shou'd have all i'th' Shop both old and new.  
Well, what's the Price say you, that I must give,  
Sir just Five Pounds, whether you take or leave.  
O what this want of Money is with Men,  
Money in hand wou'd terch't at Three Pound Ten.

LXXVIII. *On Carpenters.*

The cunning Carpenters a Prey will make  
Of you when they a piece of Work do take :  
If you in Timber Measure have no skill,  
Then they strange Stories unto you will tell,  
Make you believe more Timber they must have  
By far, than such a piece of Work does crave.  
If they perceive you've Knowledge in the thing,  
Then their contriv'd Design about to bring,  
They tell you Nails and Pins are in the Task,  
So they cannot abate of what they ask :  
If you're not willing such a Summ to pay,  
They tell you then they'll work with you by th'day.  
If you agree but either way, O then  
They think themselves for that time happy Men :  
For many idle Day-works then you'll have ;  
Whether by Day or Task you'll nothing save,  
For they're resolv'd good Wages to bring in,  
And tho' unjustly got, they'll think't no sin.

Money's the Syren charms their Ears and Hearts,  
Her to obtain they'll practise all their Arts.

LXXIX. *On Shooe makers.*

Where th' Shooe-maker's assur'd there's ready  
Pay,

He'll make choice Ware for such, observe their Day;  
And for his Stuff, together with his Pains,  
For ready Cash he's pleas'd with moderate Gains;  
But where he knows your Pay's of longer date,  
Then patiently you must his leisure wait:  
Then rotten Neat, or Calf and Neat together,  
With inner Soles put in of base Horse Leather;  
And such deceitful Stuff to you he'll bring,  
Yet have the Face to brazen out the thing;  
The Ware is firm and good upon his Word;  
Tells you none such to others he'll afford;  
All which is true, for they must better have,  
You grope not out the meaning of the Knave;  
And then a Price he sets ( for 'tis his Trade )  
Higher than on the choicest Ware is made.  
Thus they that Money lack, have th'hardest Fate,  
They're cheated first, then pay excessive Rate.

LXXX *On Arms Painters.*

If to th' Arms Painter you do tell your Name,  
He'll quickly find a Coat out for the same,  
And he will tell you, for a good round Fee,  
That it belongs unto your Family;  
Whenas perchance, if you fall into strife,  
You have as good a Right to th' Herald's Wife:  
Yet he for Money will such Kindness show,  
He'll give you Coat, and Crest, and Mantling too,  
And them in Colours neatly will display,  
Deliver't then to you to take away;

Which

Which you may own, and thereby cut a Seal,  
 And challenge't for your Coat; he'll not reveal;  
 Your Money stops his Mouth, he'd silent be,  
 Altho he knows 'tis Chear and Fallacy.  
 He that has Money may take anothers Right,  
 Retain, and use it in the Owner's sight.  
 Money can make Wrong Right, or Right be Wrong;  
 She makes a Man to speak, or hold his Tongue;  
 She's the enchanting *Pharmaceutria*,  
 Whose Incantations leads Men any way.

LXXXI. *On Inn-keepers.*

If to an Inn you come, and freely call,  
 O then the Master's Company you shall  
 Immediately obtain, nought can withstand,  
 But he is solely, Sir, at your command.  
 The Hostler is call'd in to take a Glass;  
 The Master chargeth him before he pass,  
 To take care of your Horse, and rub him clean,  
 That not a bit of Dirt be felt or seen;  
 Set him in the close Stall, and fill his Rack,  
 And let him eat, says he, till's Belly crack;  
 Then feed and water him in time, if you  
 Expect the Gentleman shall Kindness shew.  
 Then you and th' Host do sit, and bowze about,  
 And try which of you two does prove more stout;  
 And when the one of you does drowsie grow,  
 Its then high time for you to call and know  
 Your quiet Dormitory, and the Bed  
 Where you must then decumb your drowsie Head.  
 Pth' Morning you rejoice to meet again,  
 And fall afresh into a merry Vein.  
 And when you're for your Journey, then comes in,  
 The Landlords dram o'th' Bottle, he'll begin

Your Health, wish you a happy Journey home;  
 Seldom such Guests unto his House do come,  
 That Money freely spend, and fill his Purse;  
 For when the Niggard comes, that is a Curse:  
 He for a single Pot will call, and sit  
 And spend an Hour at least in drinking it;  
 Then out he walks, to see his Horse i'th' Stable,  
 And then comes in, and bids 'em spread the Table,  
 For he'll to Bed, he feels he's somewhat sick,  
 So let him have his Supper very quick:  
 Such Guests the Host had rather be without;  
 And when they're gone, he does deride and flout:  
 So Money's certainly the only thing  
 That Men to Favour and Respect does bring;  
 For he that wants 't, is counted but a Slave,  
 And the poor Man that cannot pay, a Knave.

LXXXII. *On Wine-Coopers.*

If the Wine-Merchant's Cooper chance to light  
 Upon a Piece of Wine that's good and right,  
 Then that's secur'd for him that pays the best,  
 And thither is sent in without Request,  
 That all the Town throughout he may out-brave,  
 That such a Piece of Wine none of 'em have.  
 Those that have Money get every thing that's right,  
 And those that want are put off with a slight.

LXXXIII. *On Linen-Weavers.*

The Linen-Weaver th' good Wives Yarn does  
 take,  
 And they conclude how many Yards 'twill make;  
 Then she conceives there's Warp enough and Woof,  
 But she's deceiv'd when as it comes to th' Proof.  
 The cheating Knave some of the Clues does throw  
 Into his Hell-hole: and then lets her know

That

That he her Web cannot work out o'th' Loom  
 For lack of Yarn, so she must send or come  
 With more herself, this News makes her admire  
 That he should send more Yarn for to require :  
 He says the Yarn does tender prove, and naught,  
 Else there had been no need more to have brought,  
 When as in truth the good Wife he does cheat,  
 Money to get by this same Knavish Feat.  
 Money's the *Saga* which does him enchant,  
 He'll rather part with's Honesty than want  
 Her Company, who gets what he does lack  
 For hungry Belly and for naked Back.

LXXXIV. *On Woollen Weavers.*

The Woollen-Weaver slight and thin will weave,  
 That he some of the Clues of Yarn may save,  
 And keep himself, which th' Owner to him brought  
 To have their Cloth made strong, and firmly  
 wrought ;

But whether th' Owners keep it for their use,  
 Or shall expose't to Sale, they'll find the Abuse ;  
 For when't comes to be worn 'twill shrink up sore,  
 And every day 'twill run up more and more,  
 And in great lumps wear out, great shame to see,  
 And all this through the Weaver's Knavery ;  
 Who not content with honest Wage does cheat,  
 For there was Yarn to make the Cloth compleat.  
 But then the Knave less Money would obtain,  
 If he gets nought but by his lawful Gain ;  
 So he's resolv'd he Money will ensure,  
 He cares not by what ways he her procure ;  
 Money's the Sovereign Empress of his Heart,  
 For her with Truth and Honesty he'll part.

LXXXV. *On Booksellers.*

The Bookseller for ready Cash will sell  
 For as small Profit as other Traders will ;  
 But then you must take special Care, and look  
 You no new Title have to an old Book ;  
 For they new Title-Pages often paste  
 Unto a Book which purposely is plac'd,  
 Setting it forth to be th' Second Edition,  
 Or Third, or Fourth, with 'mendments and Addition :

But when you come for to peruse and look,  
 You will not find one Word in all the Book  
 Put either in or out, no nor amended,  
 For that's a thing that never was intended  
 By th' Author ; but when a Book begins to fail,  
 This is their Trick to quicken up the Sale.  
 And if a new Edition comes indeed,  
 From all th' old Books they have, they then with speed

The Title-Pages oft pluck out and tear,  
 And new ones in their places fixed are :  
 Then have the Confidence to put to sale  
 Such Books for new they know are old and stale :  
 And th' Buyer thus if he does not descry,  
 Will have a Cheat put on him purposely.  
 And when an Author's Books do bravely sell,  
 And some deceased Author's Works do well,  
 These Traders then, to gain a Book a Fame,  
 Will set it forth under such Author's Name,  
 Prefixing an Epistle to such Tract,  
 Declaring to the Reader Matter of Fact,  
 How and by whom the fame was brought to light,  
 And who hath had the View thereof, and Sight ;

How



How worthy the same Book is of the Press,  
 And Reasons why its publish'd in such Dress ;  
 With bantring Stuff, to make the Copy sell,  
 Which Fallacies they think do wondrous well.  
 Such Bibliopolists are much to blame,  
 When a good Author's dead, t' abuse his Name ;  
 These Tricks they play, and act without controul,  
 For Money they'll oppignorate their Soul :  
 If you vendible Books cull out, by such  
 You may suppose you cannot then lose much ;  
 But you're deceiv'd, for if you come to try,  
 And put them off, you'll find them very thie,  
 And nice : They'll say, tho' at first coming forth  
 Such Books sold well, yet now they're little worth.  
 So Money to disburse they have no mind,  
 Cause when to get it in they do not find :  
 But after much ado, you may contrive  
 For Twenty Pounds laid out to get in Five ;  
 And this they'll tell you meerly is to shew  
 What Favour and Respect they have for you.  
 If you'll exchange for other Books, say they,  
 We can afford you then some better Pay ;  
 Ten Pounds in Truck they will pretend is given,  
 Whenas the Books you get will not yield Seven.  
 If to be Bookly given be your Fate,  
 You'd need to have a plentiful Estate,  
 For when the Itch of buying Books grows strong,  
 Then you a Prey to th' Bookseller e'er long  
 Become ; he'll send you Books, and trust so much,  
 Until he find you fail in keeping touch :  
 Then for his Money he will call again ;  
 And if two parts you pay, he gets good Gain,  
 His Books are so high priz'd ; but All or None,  
 That is the only String he plays upon.

He'll

He'll take no Books again in part, O Curse!  
 He must have ready Money in his Purse;  
 And thus by him you shall be kept in awe  
 By constant Dunning, and Threats of the Law.  
 And if an Author to th' Bookfeller bring  
 A Copy for the Press, altho' the Thing  
 He knows will sell, yet he'll pretend and say,  
 Paper is dear, and Trading does decay,  
 Money is scarce, and Licencing is dear,  
 So if he buy the Copy, he's in fear  
 To lose by th' Bargain, yet at length he'll come,  
 And condescend to give you some small Summ;  
 In part of which a Parcel you must have  
 Of Books at his own Price. And thus you slave  
 Your self, beating your Brains, and taking Pains,  
 And this same greedy Leech sucks up the Gains.  
 He's so in love with Money, that he'd starve  
 Author and Printer too, if he can serve  
 But his own Ends, and all the Profit get,  
 He does not care how meanly they do sit.  
 Money's the She he courts, the only Mifs,  
 In her does centre all his Happiness.

LXXXVI. *On Farriers.*

If you've a Horse that's sick or lame, wants cure,  
 Whene'er the Farrier comes, he'll you assure  
 That he can cure him, and will undertake  
 That he'll perform great Feats for Money's sake:  
 He knows how many Joynts and Bones, as plain,  
 And every Sinew, Artery, and Vein,  
 Are in your Horse, and where and how they lie,  
 As if he'd read upon Anatomy;  
 And yet for all this Skill, we often see,  
 That he does clear mistake the Malady.

Which

Which being not by him right understood,  
 He oft gives that which does more harm than good.  
 And so instead of curing of your Horse,  
 He makes him every Day far worse and worse,  
 Until at length he turns up's Heels and die,  
 And yet the Horse-Leech you must satisfy  
 For his Medicaments, Labour, and Pains,  
 And so your Loss at length becomes his Gains.  
 I've known a noted Farrier so misled,  
 He's said a Horse was strain'd, when gravelled;  
 And has hot Oils unto the Horse apply'd  
 For some few Days, until it was espy'd  
 The Horse grew worse and worse, and did break  
 out

Above the Hoof, which put it out of doubt :  
 He wonders then he shou'd so far mistake,  
 And says he now must other Measures take ;  
 He cuts the Hoof, finds all within decay'd,  
 The Horse will lose his Hoof I am afraid,  
 Cries he ; then long time tampers with the same,  
 Till th' Horse is kill'd, or at the best proves lame ;  
 And yet, tho' thro' this Fellows Ignorance,  
 To you befalls this Damage and Mischance,  
 He'll have the Confidence Money to ask,  
 Tho' he thus fondly have perform'd his Task.  
 But yet I think if he had his Desert,  
 To pay for th' Horse in such a Case is his part.  
 For Money's sake Men undertake strange things,  
 She can prevail to take the Life of Kings.

LXXXVII. *On Paviments.*

The Paviment when he works by Yard or Great,  
 Will make his Tools and Hands go till he sweat ;  
 As fast he'll pitch the Stones, and nimbly pave,  
 As th' Servers can the same unto him heave :

Great

Great Pains he'll take to pave much on a Day;  
 For then he knows more Money's due for pay:  
 For greediness of Money thus he'll cheat,  
 And take no pains firmly the Work to bear,  
 But cover't o'er with Sand, to make't appear  
 Firm to the Eye, when within half a year  
 It all breaks up; then all the Labour's lost,  
 And th'Owner then is put to double Cost;  
 For if at first the Stones he firmly set,  
 Covers them well, and has them strongly beat,  
 Till every Chink is close fill'd up with Sand,  
 And no Stone higher than another stand,  
 But all so firmly beat, and close and plain,  
 That it will bear a loaden Cart or Wain,  
 And never shrink, that is right Work indeed;  
 But ah Sir, then he cannot make such speed,  
 Nor get such Wage as he desires to have;  
 For store of Cash you've leave to call him Knave.  
 Money's the false *Trivenifica* we see,  
 Enchants Men to betray their Honesty,  
 Credit, good Name, and all that is most dear,  
 If she upon the Stage does but appear.

LXXXVIII. *On Upholsters.*

If the Upholster to your House do come,  
 To set up Beds for you, or hang a Room,  
 If you pay down the Price you make him set,  
 And bring him down as low as you can get.  
 But if you tick, that is a curst Disease,  
 For then he sets whatever Rate he please.  
 When you with any Tradesman wou'd agree  
 At easie Price, then Money he must see.

LXXXIX. *On Water-men.*

The Water-men do wait at Rivers Stairs,  
 And Lanes near Water-sides, expecting Fares:  
 When

When any come they think do want a Boat,  
 They run, hold up their Hand, set up their Note.  
 Sculler and Oars they cry, and stop your way,  
 Till th' Sign you give, they will not be said nay.  
 And when a jolly Company they get,  
 They'll cast their Coats, and row until they sweat.  
 And Day by Day this Course they do attend,  
 For Madam Money's sake, their chiefest Friend:  
 'Tis she on whom they solely do rely,  
 Them in their great Distresses to supply;  
 When her they have, of nought they stand in fear,  
 For nothing they can want when Money's there.  
 Money's the Idol that each Man adores,  
 And her Assistance all the World implores.

*XC. On Ferry-men.*

The Ferry-men that Passage-Boats do keep,  
 Attend all Day, at Night break off their sleep  
 To wait on those who that way do resort,  
 Them and their Goods o'er Rivers to transport:  
 This Toil and Pains they take for Money's sake,  
 Ne'er grudge thereat, nor no Complaints do make;  
 For these poor Men do think that Money is  
 Th' Royal Diploma of all Earthly Bliss.

*XCI. On Barge men.*

Bargers and Lighter-men do roar and bawl,  
 By Night and Day their Boats they pull and haul:  
 Many cold Blast, and bitter Storm they bide,  
 Be't fair or foul, they will not lose their Tide,  
 But out they'll go, no Weather them can stay,  
 What is't that poor Men will not do for Pay?  
 Money's the Crown of all their Hopes, the Prize  
 At which they aim, precious in all Men's Eyes,  
 The *Apotheca* of all Terrestrial Good,  
 She brings to all both Clothes, and Drink, and Food.

*XCII.*

## XCII. On Apothecaries.

When th' *Pharmacopolist* does get a Bill  
 From th' Learned Doctor, for such Men as will  
 Good Payment make, and where his *Money's* sure,  
 For such he looks out Druggs both sound and pure;  
 And in his Mortar them will soundly beat,  
 And run his Pestle round until he sweat.  
 Then makes the Physick truly up and quick,  
 And then the Patient visit that lies sick;  
 At your Bed-side he takes hold of your Arm,  
 And in his canting Terms begins his Charm,  
 Does feel your Pulse, and says he'll set you right,  
 And talks as if he'd cure you upon sight.  
 He to you then a Bottle small does bring,  
 And bids you taste, Oh 'tis a Cordial thing.  
 Then he pulls out a Pot of his Conserve,  
 Which you must often take, it will preserve  
 Your Body Cool, repress excessive Thirst;  
 But you must take of this same Bottle first,  
 Says he, then many Pots and Glasses more  
 He leaves, t' enlarge his Bill, augment your Score,  
 Which signifie no more for you to eat,  
 Than Chip in Pottage, for 'tis all a Cheat.  
 Then he does daily some Slip Slap or other  
 Bring to your Chamber, and there does them clother;  
 So those that come to visit you ne'er stop  
 To say 'tis like th' Apothecary's Shop.  
*Money* does make his Mortar sweetly knell,  
 And if you've none, it tolls your passing Bell.  
 Old rotten Druggs on th' poorer sort he'll try,  
 Has no regard whether they live or die;  
 For in such Case where Payment he does fear,  
 His Shop of rotten Druggs he then will clear.

If *Money* had the power but *Life* to give,  
The Rich would never die, Poor not long live.

XCIII. *On Druggists.*

Druggists found Medicines nor Drugs will send,  
But where their *Money's* sure, tho' you're a Friend;  
For Ingenuity and Friendship too,  
Altho' for what is good they court and woo,  
It Moneyless, they go with empty Pots,  
When other thick-scall'd idle silly Sotts  
With *Money* can prevail, in a great Huff,  
To have the best, whilst others take the Stuff  
That's all decay'd, worm-eaten, old and rotten,  
For without *Money* Friendship's quite forgotten,  
And you must wait their Time, attend their Call,  
Perhaps get some, or't may be none at all.  
If you get any, its then with a Flout,  
And such old Stuff, you'd better be without  
Than have it in your Shop, all will deny it,  
And all your Customers you may lose by it.  
It's very plain there's none can drive a Trade  
Without good store of *Money*, can be made.  
*Money* does master all things, all adore her,  
Nought can withstand, she drives on all before her.

XCIV. *On Country Glovers.*

Glovers with Gloves and Leather ready drest,  
Markets attend, in *Money's* search and quest :  
In Heat and Cold they keep their constant Stand,  
When *Money* comes, to take her in their Hand :  
She's the *Amicula* of their Affection,  
Cheers up their Spirits, and yields them Resection.

XCV. *On Watch-makers.*

Your Watch-maker a neat good Watch will fix,  
For Four Pounds in hand, on Credit Six.

A Clock and Weather-Glass you too may have,  
Which if with ready Pay you buy, you save  
In each Six Pounds a Guinney, if not more,  
Such are the fruits of Ticking on the Score.  
When Tradesmen sell on Credit, they take care  
T' have double Usury paid 'em for their Ware.

*XCVI. On travelling Glass-men.*

The Glass-man bears about upon his Back,  
Glasses and Drinking-Pots both white and black ;  
He escapes some Dangers, some he cannot pass,  
But now and then does break a Pot or Glass,  
And yet he travels on, hoping to have  
A better Price for those he whole does save.  
*Money* he does pursue from place to place,  
All Hazards he breaks thro' to see her Face ;  
Whate'er Mischances or Misfortunes fall,  
If he gets her, she makes amends for all :  
No Dangers great, no Pains too much can be,  
To compass Madam *Money's* Company.

*XCVII. On Cabinet-makers.*

Th' ingenious Maker of fine Cabinets,  
Tables and Drawers, Standards, Glasses, Sets  
Of Dressing-Boxes, Brushes, and Japan-  
Work of all sorts, in every thing he can  
Serve you as well as any Man in Town,  
At easie Rates, if Money you pay down.  
But when that's wanting, he does then look shie,  
And matters not tho' you shou'd nothing buy.  
*Money's* so fixed in his Thoughts and Heart,  
That without her he cannot freely part,  
And leave his Goods ; for if he's forc'd to trust,  
O then, great and excessive Gains he must  
Receive at length, or else he will take home  
His Goods, until a better Chapman come.



XCVIII. *On Jack of all Trades.*

Canes, Pistols, Knives, Guns, or what other  
Knack,

Or Thing in Jack of all Trades Shop you lack;  
If you are his Acquaintance, he will say,  
Your Word to him's as good as ready Pay :  
But this is Sham, for where you go o'th' Score,  
You'll find you pay him a third Penny more  
Than ready Coin ; for then you bring him down,  
By wrangling, from a Noble to a Crown.

XCIX. *On Tobacconists.*

Where the Tobacconist good Pay does get,  
The choicest Boxes up for those he'll set ;  
But if you're slow in Payment, do not hit  
His Time, then any nasty Trash is fit  
For you ; cut Stalks mixt with decay'd stuff,  
That's fit for nought but grinding into Snuff.  
If you complain, and give't a bad Report,  
He sends you word 'tis very good o'th' Sort,  
And th' best he had made ready up for sale ;  
But come and clear off Scores, then he'll not fail  
To pick and chuse you out so good a sort,  
That when you come to try't, you'll thank him  
for't ;

Thus *Money, Money* runneth in his Mind,  
Which you must pay if you'll true Friendship find.

C. *On Alehouse keepers.*

The Alehouse-keeper if you'll freely pay,  
And nobly call, he'll sit by you all Day ;  
All other Company he will neglect,  
And you're the only Man shall have Respect.  
'Tis on the noble-minded Man he tends,  
That cares not what comes in, nor what he spends.

Such Company's the solace of his Heart,  
 He's then your humble Servant, will not part.  
*Money's* so charming, that she makes him shun  
 All other Guests, and after you to run.  
 There's nothing that his House Sir can afford  
 But you may it command just at a Word.  
 My Landlord at none else but you will look,  
 You hold him fast, Sir, with your Silver-Hook.  
 But if you for a single Pot but call,  
 He for such Company cares not at all.  
 So any Man without Offence may say  
 That *plurimi passim fit Pecunia.*

C.I. *On Milliners.*

The Milliner for Ready Money's kind,  
 For Stockings, Ribbons, Gloves, Hoods, Scarves,  
 you'll find  
 He'll use you well, and tho' he do pretend  
 He'd be as kind, because you are his Friend.  
 If you the Goods upon your Credit take,  
 But then be sure another Price he'd make ;  
 So trust him not, for *Money* always hath  
 More Kindness found, than where there's greatest  
 Faith.

CII. *On Printers.*

The Printer will for *Money* hazard Fate,  
 Print scurr'ous Pamphlets against the State,  
 Or any dangerous unlicenc'd thing,  
 Which may Life and Estate in Danger bring :  
 Such is the power of *Money* every where,  
 That Men regardless are of Shame or Fear.  
 Nothing's too dear for her to set at Stake,  
 That all this hurry in the World does make.

CIII. *On Salesmen.*

Salesmen to those pass by, cry with loud Voice,  
 Do you want Clothes? walk in, here is good choice  
 Of Mant'as, Madam, Petty-coats or Gown,  
 There's none can shew you better in the Town;  
 Or Coats and Breeches, with good Waistcoats, Sir,  
 They cry, as you pass by, and make great stir.  
 If you reply, and say you *Money* lack,  
 The Salesman leaves you then, and turns his Back.  
 If you want Clothes, but can no *Money* spare,  
 Then you for all his Store may go Thread bare;  
 For when this Lady does abscond, O then  
 He'll shew no Clothes to Women or to Men.  
 But if this Empress of the World appear,  
 He'll cap and court you then to buy, ne'er fear.  
*Money* brings you in favour with a Man,  
 When neither Friendship nor Acquaintance can.

( CIV. ) *On Seamstresses.*

The smiling Seamstress, full of wheedling Chats,  
 For Ruffles, Handkerchiefs, Necks and Crevats,  
 Or other sorts, for which you have a Mind,  
 If she your Credit know, she will be kind,  
 She'll say; And full of Curtseys, then will tell  
 With many Smiles and Bows, she'll use you well,  
 Do not distrust, nor make no Words or stir,  
 You solely may refer the Price to her.  
 And thus she Wheedles, until the Gypsie  
 Do get you in her Books, and then she nips ye.  
 She'll cheat you'll find, if she your Name sets down,  
 In ev'ry Angel, at least Half-a-Crown.  
 Let her Pretence be ne'er so fair in show,  
 You'll find 'tis *Money* that she loves, not you;  
 And if the *Money* gets, she does not care  
 Whether it comes by foul means or by fair.

## CIV. On Truckers.

The Trucker is possest with plodding Head,  
 Contrives all Day, and Night when in his Bed ;  
 Does nimble frisk about, for it's his Trade,  
 Turns every Stone to get a Bargain made.  
 There's nought comes wrong, at any Bait he'll bite,  
 He'll serious be, or drink with you all Night ;  
 Suits any Humour, puts on any Shape,  
 Merry or Grave, Mimicks, or Cunning Ape,  
 He's this or that, nay, any thing you'll have him,  
 You must be wondrous quick, if you deceive him.  
 If you've a Parcel you would have put off,  
 Tho' th' Goods be very mean, he'll not them scoff ;  
 Bid such high Price for them by way of Truck,  
 That you'll rejoice in mind for your good Luck :  
 Thus he's assur'd, tho' double Price he give  
 For yours, yet he by th' Bargain shall receive  
 Sufficient Gains, if much the less for those  
 Of yours he gets, or nought, he cannot lose ;  
 For in the Truck he has such Bargain made,  
 That, sink or swim, he cannot lose by th' Trade.  
 If you've no Goods, then he'll desire to know,  
 If any Men or Women you can show,  
 Or Lads or Lasses, Strangers, or of your Kin,  
 He'll truck for them, Gain palliates the Sin :  
 He'll bargain for your Child, Sister, or Brother,  
 Rather than stick they'll spirit one another.  
 All's one to him whether they're pleas'd or no ;  
 If he gets them a-board, away they go  
 Unto *Barbadoes*, or *Virginia* straight,  
 There he trucks for Tobacco, this his Freight,  
 Which when come home, his Trade is Trucking  
 still,  
 For Goods, or he'll for Ready Money sell.

There's

There's nought you can propound that he'll refrain,  
 The Bargain's mean that turns not to his Gain.  
 What is't the Trucker will not undertake,  
 And manage too for th' Idol *Money's* fake?  
 Which is the only Goddess he implores,  
 The very Name of *Money* he adores :  
 O'er him this Idol has such Influence,  
 For her he'll pawn, or sell his Conscience.

CV. *On Scotch Pedlars.*

These *Circumvoraneans* Scotch Cloth cry,  
 Hollands, Muslins, or Cambricks, will ye buy  
 Callicoes, Lawns, or any other Ware?  
 If you'll buy nought, then will you sell some Hair?  
 Thus at the Doors and Windows they do call,  
 Several Denials quiets not their Bawl,  
 Into your House with Confidence they'll go,  
 Name all their Wares, and scarcely be said no.  
 From House to House, from Town to Town they  
 run,

They'll spare no pains if *Money* can be won,  
 Either by Chaffer, or else otherwise,  
 So fair and tempting *Money's* in their Eyes,  
 They'll seek and have her, if she may be found,  
 Traverse the Country, and whole Counties round.  
 Country and Counties did I say? we find  
 To range whole Kingdoms will not please their  
 Mind;

What Master *Cleaveland* heretofore discry'd,  
 May to these Pedlars fitly be apply'd,  
*Had Cain been Scot, God wou'd have chang'd his doom,*  
*Not made him travel, but confin'd him home.*

CVI. *On Butter-Factors.*

The Butter-Buyers 'mongst themselves agree,  
 How they may gull and cheat the Countrey.

They know poor Farmers are enforc'd to sell,  
 So they set down a Rate just as they will;  
 Higher or lower Prices they set down,  
 As they see more or less come to a Town:  
 When there does come plenty of Firkins in,  
 Then to th' poor Men they Stories do begin;  
 Tell them at *London* th' Markets are so low,  
 That how to buy and save they do not know;  
 Tho' not a Word of this they know is true,  
 Yet by this Artifice they wrest and skrew  
 Great Profit to themselves, and *Money* get  
 From th' honest Farmers, without much regret.  
 These Buyers 'mongst themselves low Prices make,  
 Which the poor Farmers are enforc'd to take;  
 The Men are indigent, else had not come,  
 So sell they must *Money* to carry home:  
 But when these Factors Orders do receive  
 To buy a Parcel quickly up, they give  
 Twelve-pence advance perhaps, or sometimes more;  
 But when they're serv'd, the Price is as before;  
 And thus the Country is brought to submit,  
 And take such Prices as these Men think fit.  
 If you a Pound or less fall short of weight,  
 Then you must make Abatement for it strait;  
 But if your Firkin proves a Pound or two  
 O'er-weight, for that they nothing will allow.  
 At every Turn Profit they're sure to make,  
 And all the Countrey cheat, for *Money's* sake.

CVII. On Butter-Searchers.

If th' Butter-Searcher do some Firkins find  
 Not perfect Right, yet sometimes he'll be kind,  
 And pass 'em by, if th' Owners he do know,  
 And be assur'd they'll Kindness to him show,

And

And Presents make unto his Wife, or Self;  
 For tho' no Money-Bribes this cunning Elf  
 Wou'd be suppos'd from any to receive,  
 Yet he will take what other things you'll give;  
 If any call these Bribes, he hath this shift,  
 Will tell you no, What is more free than Gift?  
 If you Corn, Geese, or Turkies will send in,  
 He'll them receive, not scruple't as a Sin.

*CVIII. On Corn-Merchants and Malsters.*

Corn-Merchants and the Malster's chiefeft Care,  
 Is Grain to buy cheap in, and sell out dear:  
 When Farmers and poor Husbandmen would sell,  
 Wages to pay, or Rents to raise, they smell  
 There's Wanting then; so they are very shie,  
 Are full of Corn, want *Money*, cannot buy;  
 But if they can but wrest you to their Pin,  
 They'll bargain then, your Corn you may bring in;  
 And thus does run poor Mens unhappy Fate,  
 They must for *Money* sell at any rate:  
 But when the Buyers have got pretty store,  
 And for some time resolve to buy no more,  
 Then they bethink themselves, whether last Year  
 Or this they did their Corn buy in more dear:  
 If the last Year, great store of Old they have;  
 If this more dear, They could no old Store save;  
 So all must go at the best Price they give;  
 They by this means exuberantly live.  
 If *Money* can but any way be had,  
 She's welcome, tho' the Means be ne'er so bad:  
 Whenas a Steeping fails, and th' Malt's not right,  
 Then that is mixt, laid in some place in sight,  
 To send abroad, to those whose Custom they,  
 Do not regard, because they badly pay.

But

But those that take up much, and take great care  
To make good Payment, get the choicest Ware.  
So runs the World, *Money* is ne'er said nay ;  
But poor Souls are repuls'd, that cannot pay.

CIX. *On Jobbers of Cattle.*

The Jobber buying Cattle does contrive  
To some remote far Market them to drive,  
Where he's in hopes they will good profit bring,  
And that's the only expetible thing  
Which he does indagate, and People cover,  
For all Mankind of all Degrees do love it :  
This Cash each Man desires, to have and keep it,  
He that does not, *Que te dementia cepit*  
May well be said of such, for't comes to pass  
Where *Money's* wanting, every silly Ass  
Insults o'er you, his Tongue is there let loose,  
Altho' he scarce can say Bo to a Goose.  
*Money* procures Respect to every Fool,  
He's capp'd and cring'd, tho' he look like an Owl.

CX. *On Mint-men.*

Minters do toil and work early and late,  
Run Bullion into Ingots, melt down Plate,  
Assay the Pots with Industry and Skill,  
Draw Bars to equal thickness in the Mill,  
Cut and punch Pieces out, both great and small,  
Then carefully size, edge, and blank them all,  
Fit for the Skrew and Dies ; then they cull out  
The greater Pieces, Letter them about,  
So tell and bag the *Money* up, make't fit  
For th' King, or th' Owners that have right to it.  
This Pains they take not out of love to Art,  
But 'tis because themselves do get a part  
Of what they Coin, else they wou'd have no Will,  
Either to Work, or show their Art and Skill.

*Money*



*Money* does Coiners and Receivers please,  
 Quarrels promotes, and Anger can appease,  
 Sorrow and Grief can ease, and Comfort bring;  
 Nay powerful *Money* can do any thing.

CXI. *On Tanners.*

Tanners unkindly Heats do sometimes use  
 Unto their Leather, and thereby abuse  
 Those that do wear the same, for it proves naught,  
 When after into Boots and Shooes it's wrought.  
 The Shooemakers are Rogu'd then for the same,  
 When as in truth the Tanners are to blame,  
 Who too hot Woozes use, or over-Lime  
 Leather, and will not give it its due time.  
 Then other whiles for outer Soles they raise,  
 Such poor thin Hides by their unlawful ways,  
 Which they well know, for such use are not fit,  
 These Crafts they use more *Money* for to get,  
 Than lawful ways can compass them, or bring :  
 And thus we see *Money's* the only thing  
 At which all Trades and Mysteries do look,  
 And are resolv'd to have't by Hook or Crook.

CXII. *On Hawking Pedlars.*

Some Hawking Pedlars carry on their Backs,  
 Others with laden Horses, and great Packs  
 Of Hollands, Cambricks, Lawns, Scotch-Cloth  
 and Hoods,

Callico, Mullins, Lace, and such-like Goods;  
 Ribbons and Necklaces, with such like Trade,  
 Gowns, Scarves, Gloves, Silks, and Mantua's ready  
 made ;

With which they hawk i'th' Country here and there,  
 At Fairs and Markets too to sell their Ware.

*Money's* the only Lady they pursue,  
 If her they can but catch, they never rue,

Nor

Nor of their Pains and Labour do Repent,  
Money does salve up all, with great Content.

*CXIII. On Hard-ware Men.*

The Hard-ware Man at Markets seldom fails,  
With Knives, and Scissors, Hammers, Locks, and  
Nails,

And Smoothing-Boxes, Buckles, Steels, and Awls,  
And Jersey-Combs, are laid upon their Stalls;  
With many other things that People use,  
Which he lays all in sight for Folk to chuse  
Such things as they do lack, and give him pay,  
Money's the Miss for whom the Man does stay;  
And with great Patience waits until she come,  
Then he with Joy does take his journey home,  
And when this Lady he does thither bring,  
He and his Family *Choreuma's* sing.

*CXIV. On Petty-Book-sellers.*

The petty Bibliopol has Histories,  
And some small Books of several Mysteries,  
Primmers, Pfalters, and Bibles on his Stall,  
Logistoricks, with Books Protreptical;  
With Chronologicks for the Peoples Use,  
And other sorts on's Stall he does produce,  
Which he in order viewly sets to th' Eye,  
Hoping they'll tempt some Lookers on to buy;  
He Money wants, nought has such Charms as she,  
For her he'll part with his whole Library.

*CXV. On Travelling Coopers.*

Coopers with Hoops and Tools do march about,  
To find out Work walk many weary Foot,  
When with a Jobb they meet, and Money's got,  
They then rejoice at their Auspicious Lot,  
When tyr'd with Work, and Travelling all Day,  
Money makes them at Night sing Care away.

*CXVI.*

CXVI. *On Bowl-Sellers.*

Sellers of Bowls, Churns, Pails, and other Ware,  
 With them do ride about from Fair to Fair  
 Chapmen to seek, that Ready Money bring,  
 Then they will smoak, bouze off their Pots and sing.  
 When th' Market's bad, they're in a fullen Frame,  
 So dull, that none would think they are the same.  
 Money's the sprightly Miss, the dainty Dame,  
 That cheareth up both Young, Old, Blind and Lame.

CXVII. *On Millers.*

When Corn is dear, the Miller often is  
 (To get great Gains) tempted to do amiss,  
 Not pleas'd with's due, excessive Toll he'll take,  
 And all the Country cheat for Money's sake;  
 And by this means the Adage does fulfill,  
*It is as sure as there's a Thief i'th' Mill.*  
 And the old Saying is, as has been told,  
*An honest Miller has a Thumb of Gold.*

CXVIII. *On Coach-makers.*

A painted Coach, and Harness fine and gay,  
 For thirty Pounds you'll get in ready Pay;  
 But if they're brought to you upon the Score,  
 The Price will then be forty Pounds, or more.  
 O Money, fie! great are the Cheats thou plays!  
 To compass thee Men care not by what ways  
 They do proceed, and value not a Pin,  
 For Right or Wrong, so Money comes but in.

CXIX. *On Horse-Jockeys.*

The Mangonist does feed and graith his Horse,  
 In hopes that he thereby may fill his Purse  
 With exoptable Cash, which will revive  
 His drooping Thoughts, when he finds he shall  
 thrive:

Boil'd

Boyl'd Corn, with Mash, and Balls, and other  
Things,

He gives his Horse, which he knows quickly brings  
And plumps him up, makes him look fat and fair,  
And for a Market handsome viewly Ware;  
And tho' he know in this there's much Deceit,  
Yet he to get him off does use this Cheat.  
Its Money that he wants, and her he'll have;  
So Tricks will play Money to get or save:  
She is the dear *Prolabium* of his Mind,  
Money to get he many ways will find;  
He'll cheat his nearest Friend to compass her,  
Cog, swear, and lye, great bustle make and stir.

CXX. *On Badgers.*

From Market unto Market the poor Badger  
Does ride and run, and makes himself a Cadger  
Of Corn from place to place, and takes great pains,  
And all's but to acquire some little Gains;  
And if with Profit Money does but come,  
He with rejoycing then returneth home;  
Money revives his Heart, when she'll be found,  
For Money's sake he seeks the Country round;  
Both far and near he does itinerate,  
And after Money early does hunt and late;  
He cannot live without her, so will pay  
His Homage unto her by Night and Day.

CXXI. *On Bakers.*

Bakers not pleas'd with just and moderate Gain,  
Confederacy amongst themselves maintain,  
Huff up their Bread, make't viewly to the sight,  
But scarce a Loaf of just Affize and Weight:  
But when the Weighers come their Bread to try,  
All th' light Bread then is presently put by,

And

And other Bread is brought and set in sight,  
 Which they well know is of just Weight and right.  
 Such Bread in store they always ready have,  
 From th' hazard of the Law, themselves to save:  
 When all is done, and th' Weighers gone away,  
 Then presently this Bread they do convey  
 Unto the place where it did stand before,  
 And then comes out again all their light store,  
 With which they cheat the Ignorant and Poor.  
 This is their Trade, Money they love so well,  
 That for her sake they'll pawn their Souls to Hell.

CXXII. *On Mealmen.*

Some fine and course Grain mixt the Mealman  
 will

Grind into Flower, and at the best Price sell;  
 And if you ask him when you come to buy,  
 If it is made of the best Corn, he answers, I  
 The choicest Grain the Markets do afford  
 Is in that Flower, believe it on my Word;  
 The Saying's true, the finest Corn is there,  
 But of the courser sort's the greater share.  
 Thus he dissembles, lyes, equivocates,  
 And by such Means these Men do get Estates.  
 Then they can damp their Flour some other  
 whiles,

Which makes it greater weight, and so beguiles.  
 To cozen, lye, dissemble's no Offence,  
 If Money's thereby got, they can dispense  
 With the severest Checks of Conscience.  
 Alas, Alas! What Comfort is in this,  
 Money to gain, and lose eternal Bliss?

CXXIII. *On Apprentices.*

Poor Prentices the space of Seven Year,  
 Or longer time, their Masters serve with fear,  
 Have

Have many Taunts, crabb'd Words, and scornful  
Looks;

More strictly kept than Scholars to their Books,  
And sometimes beat, inhumanely abus'd,  
'Twou'd pity one to have their Dog so us'd ;  
Some Lads on silly Errands are sent out,  
For petty things, for which some do them flout ;  
Some clean the Shooes, fetch Coles, and Door-  
Stones sweep,

Dress Stable out, and Master's Horse doe keep ;  
Many cold Winter stormy bitter Day  
Poor Boys behind the Shop-board trembling stay ;  
Fingers and Hands so swell'd and numb'd with Cold  
They scarcely any thing can take or hold.  
When Hands and Feet are Cold, if they desire,  
Yet without leave they must not come to th' Fire ;  
Their Fingers blow, behind Backs stand and wait  
Whilst th' Masters warm themselves, sitting in State.  
Some Boys are almost starv'd for want of Meat,  
Or's slubber'd so, when't comes they cannot eat.  
Drudges and perfect Slaves some Lads are made,  
Before they can be Masters of their Trade :  
These Hardships they endure, with hopes to see  
Their Term expire, and then they shall be free,  
May set up for themselves, and take their Ease,  
Having no angry Master then to please ;  
But then may sell their Wares and Money take,  
Having endur'd great slavery for her sake.  
Then they're in hopes to get a vertuous Wife,  
Whose Company's the solace of Man's Life,  
Who for the further Comfort of their State,  
Will Money bring for her Associate ;  
Then all their former Slavery's quite forgot,  
Whenas a treble Bliss falls to their Lot ;

Freedom,

Freedom, a Vertuous Wife, and *Money* store,  
What can a Man in this Life covet more.

CXXIV. *On Fishermen.*

Poor Fishermen to wait their Time and Tide,  
In sorry Cabbins near the Water side,  
On Straw or Rushes poorly lie, and tumble,  
At their mean Fare and Hardships never grumble,  
But draw their Nets and Lines in Rain and Cold,  
And joyful are when they some Fish behold :  
And those poor Men who venture out to Sea  
When Storms arise, sometimes are cast away,  
And so instead of catching Fish for Gain,  
Themselves are catch't by Death, entomb'd i'th'  
Main ;

The hopes Men have they *Money* shall command,  
Makes them adventure both by Sea and Land.  
Comfort she brings in time of greatest need ;  
Men in their greatest Trouble she has freed.  
What Toyl or Hazard can be thought too much  
For *Money* then, whose Company is such.  
O Money, Money, all Men thee adore,  
Both those at Sea, and those upon the Shore.

CXXV. *On Tapsters.*

Tapsters who th' Masters Cellars farm by great,  
Will froth their Pots and Cans, nick on, and cheat,  
Their Drink in Pots, and little Mugs will fill,  
Tankard and sorry Cans, for Cheat they will,  
Both in the pinching Measure, and their Score,  
So long as Money comes they'll ne'er give o'er ;  
Play all their Tricks, that they may hold her fast,  
Till Satan comes, and th' Tapster gets at last.

CXXVI. *On Hostlers.*

An Hostler's lookt upon to be a Man  
That certainly will cheat you if he can ;

For tho' you see your Horse with corn well fed,  
 And take great Care before you go to Bed  
 To have your Horse's Rack well fill'd with Hay;  
 As soon as you are gone, he'll take't away,  
 And so your Horse all Night stands without Meat;  
 Then the next Morn betimes ( that he no Cheat  
 May seem to be ) he puts some Hay i'th' Rack,  
 Then Master says, your Horse no Meat did lack,  
 Your self did see the Rack I did so fill,  
 That there's a great deal does remain in't still;  
 And thus the Knave his Credit would retrieve,  
 Hoping that what he says you do believe.  
 If with your Corn you trust him to your Horse,  
 Then he it's like will cheat you worse and worse.  
 If you command him half a Peck to give  
 Your Horse, perhaps, he'll half as much receive,  
 Or sometimes none at all; you must take care,  
 Or otherwise your Horse will get ill Fare;  
 But this is unto such who Strangers are,  
 Or pinching Slaves, for whom he does not care.  
 If you're a constant Guest, and nobly pay,  
 He'll neither cheat you then of Corn nor Hay,  
 But will as honest be in every Case,  
 As if your self were by him in the place,  
 For he's assur'd you will be very free,  
 And so he deals with you in honesty.  
 Immoderate Love of Gains for his Relief,  
 Does tempt the Man to make himself a Thief.  
 There's many have so dearly Money bought,  
 That they themselves have to the Gallows brought.

CXXVII. *On Hackney Coachmen.*

The Hackney-Coachman when he sees it Rain,  
 He's pleas'd thereat, tho' others do complain,

For



For he's in hopes to have then a good Trade,  
 Whereby good store of Money will be made:  
 He values not tho' he be wet to th' Skin,  
 If he can get but store of Money in:  
 In wet and cold he'll drive, tho' Storms be great,  
 And in hot Weather moil in Dust and Sweat,  
 And in his Coach-Box with great Patience sit,  
 For Money runs betwixt him and his Wit;  
 His Mind is wholly fixt upon his Gains;  
 'Tis Money that does recompence his Pains.

CXXVIII. *On City Carmen and Draymen.*

Carmen and Draymen oft-times have great Lifts,  
 And when they drive, are hard put to their shifts;  
 Oft-times in narrow Lanes there's such a Throng,  
 They hazard fore their Lives to pass along;  
 They pull, they lift, they curse, they bawl and  
 flight;

Sometimes to downright Blows they fall, and fight;  
 All Blood and Dirt, with Hair all torn, they've been,  
 And hardly can be parted, they're so keen;  
 And this they undertake; and then this  
 For th' love of Money their admired Miss;  
 She charms them so, they'll any Toil endure,  
 In Leather Coats and Frocks, to make her sure.  
 What Pains can be too great her to acquire,  
 Whom all the World does follow and admire?  
 In whose Society there's such delight,  
 That Princes do for her make War and fight.

CXXIX. *On Common Colliers.*

Poor common Colliers Money to obtain,  
 In Heat and Cold, fair Weather and in Rain,  
 Through thick and thin, in Mire as well as Dust,  
 Early and late their Horses follow must;

Least they against some Gate or Style do run,  
 Or fall and break their Ware, they're half undone,  
 And many weary Footstep every Week  
 They're forc'd to undertake Chapmen to seek,  
 Else Madam Money will not these Men own,  
 And then they know no Favours to them shown :  
 But if this Lady they have in their Hand,  
 They're sure they then may any thing command,  
 Corn, Bread or Flower, Eggs, Butter, Flesh or Fish,  
 Or what else they for Back or Belly wish.  
 Money's Queen-Regent of the World, all will  
 On her attend, her Pleasure to fulfill.

CXXX. *On Carters, Wain-men, and Waggoners.*

The Carters, Wain-men, and Waggoners for Hire,  
 In Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold and Mire,  
 Be th' Weather good or bad, they keep their Stage,  
 Because they know it brings in constant Wage :  
 Much Toil they have, and many Dangers run,  
 Money without great Pains will not be won ;  
 For he that Money's Company does crave,  
 Besides great Care, he must himself enslave,  
 Till he prevails to have her at his Will ;  
 With her Assistance then he may fulfill  
 What he desires, great Hills may level plain,  
 Or in low Valleys raise great Hills again ;  
 He any thing may to his Humour bring ;  
 He that has Money can do every thing.

CXXXI. *On Country Rope-makers.*

The Roper with his Ropes of Hemp and Hair,  
 Horse-Pannels, Wanties, Cords, and such-like Ware ;  
 Sack, Webb and Halters, Hair-cloth too he shows,  
 Cart-Ropes and Hopples for Horses and for Cows ;  
 These things for Money he does ready make,  
 Has them from place to place Money to take ;

For

For he to meet with her no place will miss,  
**Money's Solamen in miseria;**  
 The only Antidote against all Sorrow,  
 He that has her needs not care for to Morrow.

**CXXXII. On Petty Chapmen.**

The Petty Chapmen with Tobacco, Spice,  
*Dutch* Bread and Walnuts, Indigo, Blue Bice,  
 Pepper and Ginger, Sugar White and Brown,  
 Soap, Starch, and Pins, they go from Town to Town.  
 Tape, Thread, and Filletting, with other things  
 Which People want, from House to House they  
 bring.

To Fairs and Markets too; they also rove,  
 Money to get their Stocks for to improve;  
 Money's the Lads for whom they so much itch,  
 Some her obtain, and by their Trade grow Rich,  
 For where she comes, and does resolve to 'bide,  
 Such may be said to go with Wind and Tide.

**CXXXIII. On Higlers.**

Higlers with Poultry, Eggs, and other Trade,  
 Do nod and ride all Night, are not afraid  
 Of Weather, or bad Way, or any harm,  
 Money against all Fear's a powerful Charm :  
 The Love of her runs in their Minds and Heads,  
 She breaks their Sleeps, they rest not in their Beds,  
 But Day and Night they Travel here and there,  
 Sometimes to sell, sometimes to get more Ware :  
 And thus continually they ride and rove,  
 Money to get, th' admir'd Miss they Love,  
 She pays their Rents, supplies their Needs they see,  
 And in their greatest Straights does set them free.

**CXXXIV. On Travelling Potters.**

Potters to Markets with their brittle Ware,  
 Possess'd with fear, do march, and full of care,

Yet Madam Money has them at her Call,  
 For th' Love they bear to her, they'll venture all ;  
 The Hopes they have of her to be possest,  
 Dispels their Fear, at home they cannot rest,  
 But out they'll go, Money to seek and find,  
 The supreme *Paraclesis* of their Mind.

CXXXV. *On Brick makers.*

The poor Brick-makers in cold Winter Weather,  
 Their Clay turn over, and do cast together,  
 In Summer-time, from Morn till Night, all day,  
 With their bare Hands they work and mould their  
 Clay,

In flooring, dressing, drying and making fit,  
 They take great pains er'th' Bricks in Kill are set;  
 They pile them close, and dawb them round about,  
 Lest when they're fir'd it any where break out;  
 After this Toil, then Money comes to please  
 Their *Acopum Catholicum* of Ease ;  
 Money their Toil requites, gets Clothes and Food,  
 Transforms sad Spirits into merry Mood.

CXXXVI. *On Fish drivers.*

Drivers of Fish unto the Markets bring  
 Cod, Scate and Turbut, Haddocks, Soal, and Ling,  
 Conger and Whittings, Killing and Mackrel,  
 With Lobsters, Cockles, and fine Crabs to sell ;  
 Salmon and Scurfs, with Smelts and Salmon-Cocks,  
 Catch'd in the Nets, in Kiddels, or Fish-Locks ;  
 Winter and Summer travel Night and Day,  
 Sometimes in good, sometimes in dirty way ;  
 And in great Storms they're sometimes almost lost,  
 Thus for a Livelyhood poor Men are toft,  
 When they to th' Market come, and Fish set down,  
 Away they go, and stay good while i'th' Town ;

Return

Return no more till th' latter end o'th' day,  
 And then they know those People will not stay  
 That have far home ; and so what Price they set  
 Upon their Fish, they are in hopes to get ;  
 Because to wrangle Buyers cannot stand,  
 Rather than stay will pay what they demand.  
 Thus every Trade does exercise their Wit,  
 And all their cunning Tricks Money to get,  
 Her to acquire a Man his Life oft ventures,  
 And for her sake his Wit does set o'th' Tenters.

CXXXVII. *On Sellers of Bread or Cakes,  
 in Markets.*

Those which with Bread or Cakes in Markets  
 sit,

Or in the Streets, or those that carry it  
 Abroad to sell, and Chapmandry to find,  
 Are not disturb'd at Weather, Ways, or Wind ;  
 Whether't be hot or cold, they value not,  
 If Sov'reign Lady Money may be got ;  
 For her they ride, they run, they stand, they wair,  
 Constant Attendance give, with Minds sedate.  
 Tho' Bread's the Staff of Life, yet they will part  
 With Bread for Money's sake, with all their Heart.  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity great Graces be,  
 And Charity the greatest of the Three,  
 What Name and Place does Money then deserve,  
 Saves Life, when Charity wou'd let you starve ?  
 Sure she's a Grace, and of all Graces Chief,  
 That to all sorts of People yields Relief.

CXXXVIII. *On Basket makers and Sievers.*

Sievers and Basket-makers with made Wares,  
 As Baskets, Voiders, Sieves, and wanded Chairs,  
 Fine Rangers, Searchers, Tiffanies, and Boulters,  
 Course and fine Scuttles, Panniers for Poulters ;

And such like things, with many others more,  
Which they have always ready-made in store :  
From Fair to Fair they ride, and Markets ply,  
Money to get, all Places they do try,  
Money's the Laff for whom they work and strive,  
Them and their Families to keep alive.

CXXXIX. *On Tinkers, and Bowl-Sewers  
or Crammers.*

The Tinkers and Bowl-Sewers ragged are,  
So Money seek themselves for to repair ;  
But when a Jobb of Work falls in their Hand,  
Three times as much for it they will demand  
As they deserve to have, you must agree  
Before the Work's begun, if you'd be free  
From Noise and Clamour, else the Rogues will  
swear,

And not give o'er, till Money does appear ;  
She charms them into silence, makes 'em still,  
She cloaths their Backs, and does their Bellies fill.  
In stormy Weather, when they trembling lie,  
Money their cold chill'd Limbs can calefie.

CXL. *On Sellers of Herbs and Roots.*

Sellers of Roots and Herbs, that Markets tend  
With Turneps, Carrots, Cabbages to vend,  
Time, Hyssop, Savory, with an hundred more,  
Of which their Gardens yield abundant Store ;  
With these they wait, and with great Patience stay  
Till Money comes, and has them all away :  
'Tis she they come to meet, and those that have  
A mind to Herbs or Roots, her Help must crave.  
If she comes not, they get no great, nor small,  
But if she comes they may command 'em all ;  
When she appears, her Pow'r they'll not withstand,  
Where-e'er she goes all yield to her Command,

Save

Save Death alone; he'll not her Charms obey,  
Where he appears he will not be said Nay.

*CXLI. On Country Salters.*

The Common Salters all the Summer long,  
To serve the Countrey with their Salt are throng;  
They travel Day and Night, no Time refrain,  
Their Horses graze in any Street or Lane.  
Their Salt to save from Rain, with Skins they hide,  
And nod and sleep as they on Horse-back ride:  
Of-times they're weary, and most sadly wet,  
And yet well pleas'd if Money they can get;  
Money's so precious Men no Dangers shun,  
But will for her through Fire and Water run.

*CXLII. On Oatmeal Sellers.*

The Vendors of Oatmeal round and small,  
Do diligently wait on Money's Call, (sure,  
And when she does appear, then with great Plea-  
Their Oatmeal is deliver'd out by Measure,  
As long as any in their Skeps remain,  
For she the Sellers can set up again.  
If Money they receive, they do not care,  
They for her sake will part with all their Ware:  
Money's more worth than the best Merchandize,  
She's the dear Paramour in all Mens Eyes.

*CXLIII. On Common Carriers.*

The drudging Carriers throughout the Year,  
Their loaden Horses follow in the Rear;  
In Winter-time with many Storms they meet,  
Early and late they go with cold wet Feet.  
In Summer-time they're all besinear'd with Sweat,  
Blinded almost with Dust, their Feet sore beat.  
But thus throughout the Year this course they run,  
In Winter froze, in Summer tann'd with th' Sun,

If for this Pains you ask the Reason why,  
 It is because they Money get thereby :  
 Money's the Antidote 'gainst all Distress,  
 She Comfort brings unto the Comfortless.  
 That Man no Toil, no Pains, no Hardship feels,  
 Where Money surely follows him at th' Heels.

*CXLIV. On Publick Waits.*

The Publick Waits, who Liveries do own,  
 And Badges of a City, or some Town ;  
 Who are retain'd in constant Yearly Pay,  
 And at their Solemn Publick Meetings play,  
 And up and down the Streets and Town, in cold  
 Dark Nights, when th' Instruments they scarce can  
 hold ;

They play about, and tell what Hour it is,  
 And Weather too, this Course they do not miss,  
 Most part of Winter in the Nights ; and when  
 Some gen'rous Persons come to Town, these Men,  
 As soon as they're inform'd, do then repair  
 Unto their Lodgings, play them some fine Air,  
 Or brisk new Tune, such as themselves think fit,  
 And which they hope with th' Gallants Fancies hit ;  
 Then cry God blefs you, Sirs, again they play,  
 Expecting Money 'ere they go away ;  
 For she's the Miss that in their Hearts does reign,  
 No Waiting's servile thought this Miss to gain ;  
 All Traders, all Professions, and all Arts,  
 Money to gain do all perform their Parts :  
 She makes a Jubilee where-e'er she stays,  
 Where she absconds they have but anxious Days.

*CXLV. On Vestry-keepers and Vergers.*

Both Vestry-keepers and the Vergers too,  
 When Money does appear will Kindness show :

Make



Make room, they'll cry, and usher you along,  
 March on before you thro' the Crowd and Throng,  
 Conduct you to some Place where you may be  
 From th' vulgar Press and Concourse safe and free :  
 But if this Lady take them not by th' Hand,  
 Amongst the common Crowd you then may stand,  
 Without Respect, or any Kindness shown,  
 If Money'll not appear, they'll make no room.

CXVI. *On Apple sellers.*

Sellers of Pears and Apples of all kinds,  
 Their constant Stands do keep with patient Minds,  
 Endure all sorts of Weather, seldom grieve,  
 'Cause Money comes sometimes them to relieve,  
 And now and then does call on them by th' way, }  
 And makes her Residence with them and stay, }  
 O that to them's a happy joyful Day ;  
 For when she's all Day frequently in sight,  
 With merry Hearts they then go home at Night.

CXLVII. *On Common Cryers.*

The Common Cryer walks about with's Bell,  
 At certain places makes his Stand, to tell  
 And publish things that he is to make known  
 To Strangers, and to th' People of the Town ;  
 This he performs for mean and sorry Fees,  
 Some Money's better far than none, he sees ;  
 And o'th' old Saying he does notice take,  
*That many Littles do a Mickle make.*

For Money Men are willing to take pains,  
 Rather than idle sit, for little Gains.

CXLVIII. *On Sextons or Bell-Ringers.*

The Sexton every Morning and each Night,  
 Winter when dark, and Summer when its light,  
 Enters the Church, tho' it be ne'er so cold,  
 Maugre all Phantasms there, with Courage bold,  
 And

And then at th' noted Hour does ring the Bell,  
 That all the Neighbours round about may tell  
 How th' Night does pass away, and Day draws on,  
 That so the People may then think upon  
 What Business they have then to go about ;  
 And thus the Sexton the whole Year throughout  
 Observes his Hours, and at the Quarter-Day  
 Does call upon his Masters for his Pay :  
 'Tis Money that he works for, that's the thing,  
 That makes him Time observe, and Bell to ring ;  
 For if he had no Money to receive,  
 He'd ring no Bell, nor no Attendance give.

*CXLIX. On Porters.*

Porters at Tavern Doors, or some Street end,  
 With Pokes and Cords do constantly attend,  
 To wait a Turn, or on an Errand go,  
 Or Goods and Luggage carry to and fro ;  
 And thus from Day to Day in Heat and Cold,  
 In weather wet and dry, this Course they hold :  
 Labour and any Hardship they'll endure,  
 So they thereby can Money but ensure ;  
 Money's the *Pharmacopoeon* indeed,  
 And cures Men's Grief in greatest time of need.

*CL. On the Bell-Man.*

The Bell-Man in the dead of Night walks round,  
 And with a hollow Voice and doleful Sound,  
 Puts you in mind then of your latter End,  
 Instructions gives how you your Life shou'd spend ;  
 What time o'th' Night it is he does declare :  
 Then to another Place he does repair.  
 And thus from Night to Night tho ne'er so cold,  
 In Frost and Snow his constant Course does hold ;  
 And all this Pains the Man does undertake  
 Without complaint, for tempting *Money's* sake,

For

For without her he knows not how to live,  
 So Night by Night he will Attendance give,  
 And thinks no Service nor no Pains too much  
 For Money's sake, his love to her is such.

CLI. *On Chimney-Sweepers.*

The Chimney-Sweeper thinks it no disgrace  
 For Money's sake to have his Hands and Face  
 Besmear'd with Soot, and nasty to the sight;  
 For tho' He's all o'er Black, he cries all White :  
 His filthy loathsome Clothes, and noisom smell,  
 And Soot in's Eyes, he can endure full well.  
 If Money comes but in he then is jolly,  
 And round about does trudge with's Poles and  
 Holly :

He into any smutty Hole will creep,  
 And nasty stuff upon himself will sweep.  
 O Money, Money ! for thy charming sake  
 Men any Drudgery will undertake,  
 Think no Employ disgraceful or unfit,  
 If Money may be gain'd and got by it.

CLII. *On Watch men.*

Nocturnal Watch men at th' appointed Hours,  
 Walk round the Streets, and thump at all Men's  
 Doors,

Thereby to try if they're made fast and sure,  
 That Men may rest from Burglaries secure :  
 This Custom all Year long these Men observe,  
 And tho' with Cold they're sometimes fit to starve,  
 Yet of their constant Walks they do not fail,  
 In bitter Storms of Rain, Frost, Snow or Hail ;  
 And all's for Money's sake they take this Pains,  
 They'll venture Health and Life to compass Gains.  
 Money's an Antidote 'gainst Grief and Sorrow,  
 Who her enjoys no thought takes for to Morrow;  
 She

She warms, she clothes, she feeds, affords Content;  
All needful things provides, and pays Men Rent.

CLIII. *On the Fakes Farmer.*

The stinking Gold-finder with his white Rod,  
In common or in private Jakes will prod,  
And take the Depth and Latitude thereof,  
Endure the Loathsomness, and every Scoff,  
And scornful Flout his stinking Trade affords,  
And with Hands bare he'll rake in filthy —  
Abide the Smell without offence to's Nose,  
With Patience look upon his — Clothes,  
Ish' Tubs and Buckets grope with willing Mind,  
And try if he can Gold or Money find.  
O who wou'd think Madam *Pecunia* had  
Such power t' inveagle Men to be so mad  
To rake in nasty — and make such stir,  
Out of fond Love and Dotage unto her.

CLIV. *On Kennel-Sweepers.*

The Kennel-Sweeper with his old scratch Broom,  
Backwards and forwards sweeps where he does  
come,  
And in the places where he sweeps, does mind,  
If Horse-Shooe Stubs, or Iron he can find,  
Or any thing he thinks will Money make,  
Which he with joyful Mind does nimbly take,  
And into's old Hat Crown the same does fling,  
Which for that purpose he about does bring;  
And thus from Street to Street he trots about,  
To seek his petty Merchandizes out,  
Which to his Chapmen he does bear away,  
Who for the same afford him current Pay.  
Then he with Joy to's Trade returns again;  
For Money's sake no Drudgery he'll refrain,

But

But sweep, and scratch, and grope with his bare  
Hands,

In every place where he does make his Stands.

CLV. *On Rag-Gatherers.*

Those that do seek about for Clouts and Rags,  
Do in Bie-places rake, that they the Bags  
And Pokes they for that purpose bring, may fill,  
And get a Stock up for the Paper-Mill,  
And Money get to recompence their Care  
And Pains in seeking for their ragged Ware,  
And which does them whole Clothes get for to  
wear.

Tho' Money's got by mean and sorry things,  
To those that can get her, she better brings.

CLVI. *On London Cries.*

We daily Cries about the Streets may hear,  
According to the Seasons of the Year :  
Some *Wellfleet* Oysters call, others do cry  
Fine *Shelley* Cockles, or white Mussels buy ;  
Great Mackrel five a Groat some cry about ;  
Dainty fresh Salmon does another shout.  
Come buy my dainty Dish of great Eels says one,  
Some Soles and Flounders in another Tone.  
Have you any old Cloaks, or Coats, or Hats ;  
Who buys my fresh great Smelts, or dainty Sprats.  
Butter and Eggs some cry, some *Hampshire* Honey,  
Others do call for Brass or broken Money :  
Box or Horn Combs, Ivory Combs, or Scissers,  
Tobacco Boxes, Knives, Razors or Twissers.  
Who buys my bak'd Ox-Cheek here in my Pot,  
Plump, fresh, and fat, well stew'd, and piping-  
hot.

Come buy my Pippins, Pearmains, and small Nurts,  
Hot spic'd Ginger-bread, Cheshnuts, and Wallnuts.

Buy

Buy a Jack-Line or a Hair-Line, cries some ;  
 Another with News Books and Almanacks does  
 come :

Dy'd Linen for Aprons, Vinegar some cries ;  
 Some hot bak'd Wardens, others Pudding-Pies :  
*French* Beans and Parsley some cry, if ye mind,  
 And others have you any Knives to grind.  
 Buy Earthen Ware, says one ; others with Bags,  
 Cry up and down, Take Money for old Rags.  
 Some Ropes of Onions cry about the Town,  
 And others Broiling-Irons up and down.  
 Hot Codlins hot, the best that e'er you see,  
 Who buys these dainty hot Codlins of me.  
 Turneps and *Sandwich* Carrots one Man calls :  
 Green Haffings in my Cart another bawls.  
 Come buy a Steel or a Tinder-Box, cry some ;  
 Old Boots or Shooes, says one, come buy my Broom.  
 Maids ha' ye any Kitchin-Stuff I pray :  
 Buy long Thread-Laces, does another say.  
 Some carry painted Clothes on little Poles,  
 By which its known that such Men do catch Moles :  
 Others on Clothes some painted Rats have made,  
 Which notifies Rat-catching is their Trade.  
 Have you any work for a Cooper here ;  
 Old Brass to mend then tinkles one i'th' Rear.  
 Some Nettle-Cheeses cry, some Curds and Milk,  
 And others Sattin, Velvet, or old Silk :  
 Then Ends of Gold or Silver cries a Lads ;  
 Another Cream or Whey, as she does pass.  
 With Traps for Rats and Mice do some appear ;  
 Two hundred a Penny Card-Matches here.  
 Ripe Cherries ripe, come buy my fair Cherries ;  
 Who buys my Currants or ripe Gooseberries.

A Rubbing-Brush, a Bottle Brush, or Grater ;  
 Fine Sparrow-Grass, then cries another Creature :  
 Here's dainty Cowcubers, who buys to pickle :  
 Another then with Collyflowers does stickle.  
 Ripe Raspberries about does some one sing ;  
 Fine ripe Strawberries does another bring.  
 Fresh Nettle-Tops or Elder-Buds come buy ;  
 Then Water-Cresses and Brooklime they cry.  
 Ha' ye any old Iron here, says one ;  
 Another, Maids have you any Marrow-Bone.  
 Ripe Musk-Melons or Apricots some cry ;  
 Fine *Sevil* Oranges or Limons buy.  
 Old Chairs to mend, then cries a ragged Fellow ;  
 Come buy a Door-Mat, does another bellow.  
 Buy a Cock or a Gelding does one come :  
 Come buy my dainty singing Birds, say some :  
 Some dainty fine Holly and Ivy says ;  
 Then curious Rosemary and fine Bays :  
 Some Pens and Ink would sell to all they meet,  
 And others Small-Cole cry about the Street.  
 Pity the poor Prisoners, some with Baskets go,  
 And others cry, Come see my Rara Show.  
 Anon a poor Wretch crying comes behind,  
 With Dog and Bell, Pray pity the poor Blind.  
 Who buys the Figs and Raisins new of mine ;  
 Come buy my Bowl of Wheat ; fine Oat-cakes fine.  
 Hot Mutton-Pies cries one along the Street,  
 Who buys my Mutton Pies, fresh, hot, and sweet.  
 Buy a Marking-Stone, one cries with smutty Face :  
 Another says, Come buy my fine Bone Lace.  
 Buy a Cloth or a Thrum Map, you Maids and  
 Lasses ;  
 Another says, Who buys my      icking Glasses:

A Lattice for a Window who will buy ;  
 Great Faggots five for six-pence do some cry.  
 Have ye any old Glafs for to renew :  
 Some cry Bellows to mend, or Bowls to sew ;  
 Some Silk or Ferret Ribbon for Shooe-strings,  
 With *London* Pins and Tape, and other things.  
 Have y' any Corns upon your Feet or Toes :  
 Buy a Fox-Tail, or a Whisk, another goes.  
 Some walk about and old Silk Stockings cry ;  
 Some ask if Socks or Quilted-caps you'll buy.  
 Money for Coney-Skins Maids if you please :  
 Some cry Brick-Dust, others cry hot Grey-Pease :  
 Some Fowl and Pullers, and some Rabbits cry,  
 And some hot Barley-broath to those pass by :  
 Some Morn's and Night's new Milk cry all the  
 Year,

And others singing Ballads you may hear :  
 And thus they trot about, and bawl each Day,  
 For th' love they bear *Madam Pecunia* :  
 For her they'll sit up late, and early rise,  
 She does appear so glorious in their Eyes,  
 Think all Pains well bestow'd, nothing's too much,  
 Their zealous Dorage to this Idol's such.  
 Money's the only Shee all Men admire,  
 Both Poor and Rich this Lady do desire :  
 Who wants her company they are forlorn,  
 If she's not there they're every Fellow's scorn.  
 We may conclude when we've said what we can,  
 'Tis Money at all times does make a Man.

CLVII, *On News-mongers.*

News mongers do themselves inlinate  
 Into their Favour, who can tell the State  
 And 'Fair of Things, how they are manag'd here,  
 And how transacted and design'd elsewhere :



To their *Amanuenses* they endite,  
 Who take the Heads, and several Letters write,  
 Of News at large, then to the Country send 'em,  
 And to th' Employers there do recommend 'em :  
 Thus Post by Post they let them understand  
 Th' Intrigues a foot as well by Sea as Land ;  
*Money* for this they Quarterly receive  
 From their Employers, thus they bravely live.  
 Then to th' Employers Houses Men repair,  
 And *Money* spend, to read News-Letters there :  
 Thus both News-mongers and Employers gain  
*Money* on this Account, else it is plain  
 No News at Home, from Foreign States, or *France*,  
 We shou'd receive, but rest in Ignorance :  
*Money* does pry into the secret things  
 Of Privy-Councils, and Cabals of Kings ;  
 She Fairy-like, unseen creeps here and there,  
 Discovers Plots tho' whisper'd in the Ear :  
 And when the Stroke is ready for to fall,  
 She shews the Clan, and disappoints them all ;  
 Her Charms are such, that none can them gainsay,  
 She'll make a Man his Bosom Friend betray.

CLVIII. *On Country Farmers.*

The Farmer, Husbandman, and Grasier keep  
 Their Cattle, Horses, Butter, Corn and Sheep,  
 And several Markets try, both far and near,  
 Having still Hopes to sell their Goods out dear :  
 Their Cattle they will comb, and Horns will grease,  
 That they may viewly look, and Chapmen please.  
 Their Sacks and Pokes with well-drest Corn they'll  
 Face,

When that within's ill drest, and very base.  
 A Sample of their finest Corn they'll get,  
 Seldom deliver th'rest like unto it,

For that was done to draw the Bargain on,  
They care not how the Corn's dress'd, when that  
is done.

Such Tricks as these they have *Money* to gain,  
And many more; for her they beat their Brain  
Early and late, and work, and sweat, and moil,  
*Money's* the only thing for which they toil;  
And when they *Money* get she brings relief,  
And recompenseth all their Care and Grief;  
But when they *Money* want, they cannot rest,  
With Grief and Care they're sadly then possesst.

CLIX. *On Labouring Tradesmen.*

If you want Workmen, and they are but scant,  
Pay well, and give good Wages, you need not want  
Carpenters, Mafons, Slaters, and Lime-burners,  
Brick layers, Tilers, Shinglers, Joyners, Turners,  
Smiths, Plummers, Glasiers, Leaders of Sand,  
Thatchers and Gardiners you may command,  
Or other Workmen; *Money* is their Bliss,  
They think that there no greater comfort is.  
When Mowers, Rakers, and Reapers are but few,  
Two-pence advance in Wage procures enow,  
When neither Love nor Favour can procure 'em,  
Yet powerful *Money* fails not to secure 'em;  
For where they get best Wage, and surest Pay,  
Those Masters they will follow and obey.

CLX. *On Gardiners.*

If Standards or Wall-Trees you mean to plant,  
And with a Gard'ner treat for those you want,  
No sort of Fruit-Trees you can easily name,  
But he'll assure you he has some o'th' same,  
But his are of the choicest Fruit, and best  
That can be had, so Price above the rest

Of common Gardners he'll have for his Trees ;  
 And thus he wheedles you ; at length agrees  
 To furnish you with some of every kind,  
 And so he *Money* gets to please his Mind ;  
 And that's the thing which he has in pursuit,  
 And you must take your hazard of the Fruit :  
 So after Parience had for some few Years,  
 At length Crab sower, and mean Trash-Fruit ap-  
 pears ;

At which you're vext to find the Fellow's Cheat,  
 You send for him, can scarce forbear to beat  
 The Man; you call him Rascal, Rogue, and Knave ;  
 He caps and cringes, does your Patience crave,  
 To hear him speak ; he did not understand  
 Your Soil so well as now ; there's too much Sand,  
 Or Clay, or Mud, or Gravel in your Ground,  
 There lies the Mischief Sir, I now have found,  
 And that's the Reason why your Fruit proves  
 nought,

For there's no fault, I'm sure, i'th' Trees you bought,  
 I have some Trees right for this Soil will prove,  
 Else you shall have 'em all, Sir, for your Love.  
 Thus both your Time and *Money* you have lost,  
 And by this Cheat you're put to double Cost,  
 Before he brings you Trees he knows are right,  
 Altho' he could have done it at first sight ;  
 But *Money* was the thing the Man did cover,  
 All Sciences and Trades do fondly love it ;  
 They care not what they do for love of Gain,  
 No Cheats nor Tricks for Money they'll refrain.

CLXI. *On the Country Housewife.*

The frugal Wife great Care has in her Head,  
 Early she riseth, and goes late to Bed ;

She is more thrifty in her House than any,  
 She'll nothing waste she thinks will raise a Penny :  
 If ought be broke, or out of order set,  
 She chides her Servants, and is in a fret,  
 To mind her Churn, Bowls, Dishes, and Milk-Pail  
 Be scowr'd, and wash't, and scalded, she'll not fail,  
 And all her Vessels kept neat, sweet, and clean,  
 No sluttishness about her Milk is seen ;  
 She minds to keep the same both sweet and good,  
 And so she does her Bread, and Drink, and Food.  
 In Brewing, Baking, and in Dressing Meat,  
 She's frugal, cleanly, and exceeding neat.  
 Enough's a Feast, so more she will not have,  
 Profuseness she's against, resolves to save ;  
 For she's not given to a lavish Folly ;  
 Better have many Meals than few and jolly.  
 Her Cream into the Churn she sees pour'd in,  
 And minds her Maids be clean when they begin  
 To churn, and that they have no nasty Clout  
 About them then, nor lick, nor take none out :  
 She makes 'em take't clean out, when th' Butter's  
 got,

Then strein the Milk through Sieve into a Pot :  
 Thus she saves all to th' bigness of a Nut,  
 And she that does not so's a careless Slut.  
 Then she does wash it clean with Water fair,  
 Leaves not a Mote therein, nor the least Hair ;  
 Then weighs it up, and for the Market makes it,  
 And there all those that know her, quickly take it.  
 To th' making then of Cheese she takes great care,  
 Minds that her Renner's sweet, and Cheesemeat's  
 fair,  
 In clean Clothes put each time they go to th' Press,  
 And there set streight, not slubber'd in by guests :

Her

Her Curds when they're at height, she takes up all,  
 Left they unto the Kettle Bottom fall;  
 Drowfie and sleepy most Maids are she knows,  
 So she does look to th' Milking of her Cows,  
 Their Paps she'll have well drawn, they must not  
 leave,

So long as th' Cows a Drop of Milk will give.  
 Her Hogs and Calves then she will have well serv'd,  
 If to her Maids she trusts they'll be half starv'd,  
 For th' Meats so thin sometimes, and cold they  
 get,

That they'll not lay their Mouths to't, but take pet;  
 Then otherwhiles they'll make't so hot indeed,  
 To death they'd scald 'em if she did not heed.  
 Her Turkies, Geese, and Ducks she minds each day,  
 Makes them convenient Nests when they do lay,  
 And when their Nests they feather, and would sit,  
 Such Number of choice Eggs she'll for them fit,  
 As she thinks they can cover well, and brood,  
 When they come off there's Water set and Food,  
 But then she minds when from the Nest they're  
 rais'd,

They stay not too long off, lest th' Eggs be daz'd.  
 The Time of Hatching she knows very well,  
 And then observes and helps to crack the Shell,  
 If she perceives the Young ones are but weak,  
 She helps them then out of the Shell to break,  
 And careful is to get them brought up fit  
 For th' Marker, or for her own Pot or Spit.  
 Her Hens to count each Night she will not fail,  
 And with her Finger grope them in the Tail;  
 And such as are with Egg, she does secure,  
 No Eggs can then be lost, she's very sure;

Then when her Hens do sit, she careful is,  
 As for her other Fowl, there's nought amiss.  
 She at the Winnowing of Corn will be,  
 To have't well dress'd, and no waste made will see.  
 If th' Wind be high, to winnow then she's loth,  
 Lest any of the Corn blow off the Cloth:  
 When th' Corn is fit to measure, she takes care,  
 To do't her self, or see't done when she's there.  
 Into some Garner then the Corn's convey'd,  
 For their own Use, or for the Market laid.  
 A good Wife thus takes care of every thing,  
 Which she conceives or knows will Money bring;  
 Money's the Solace of her Mind and Heart,  
 To compass which nought's wanting on her part.  
 She toils all Day, and in her Bed contrives,  
 All ways for Money, (few such careful Wives)  
 Her Mind runs after that will Money bring,  
 And she will Money make of any thing;  
 The Saying's old, but much Truth doth contain,  
*Unbristly Wives waste more than Husbands gain;*  
 For th' Husband that would thrive, and Riches have,  
 Must in such Case his Wife's Permission crave.

CLXII. *On Park Keepers.*

Keepers of Parks, not pleas'd with their due Fees  
 And Liveries, whenas their Lord ne'er sees,  
 Nor knows, they Opportunity then find  
 To take sometimes a Buck or Doe in kind,  
 And them for Money sell, or else bestow  
 On Friends, whole faithful Secrecy they know,  
 Umbles and Skin the Keeper then brings home,  
 Does tell his Lord there's a Misfortune come;  
 Taking his Range the Deer for to behold,  
 He found a Skin and Umbles then scarce cold;

The

The Print of two Mens Feet was in the Place,  
 And he conceives of Dogs they had a Brace.  
 His Lord doth threat Severity to th' Crime,  
 If he can catch the Rogues at any time ;  
 The Keeper at such Chances frets and grieves,  
 Watches with Care, but ne'er can catch the Thieves,  
 No, no ; the Thief does in his Pocket lurk,  
 That th' Author is of all this knavish Work :  
 Money, thou art the Thief that steals the Deer,  
 The Lord his honest Keeper does not fear.  
 What Mischief is there done, by Sea or Land,  
 In which bewitching *Money* has no hand ?

CLXIII. *On Footmen.*

Footmen and Boys behind a Coach do sit  
 Oft-times, whenas their Masters ride in it ;  
 They otherwhiles run by their Master's side,  
 When they in Coaches, or on Horse-back ride.  
 Sometimes they follow 'em, and Cloaks do carry,  
 Sometimes at Doors Attendance give, and tarry  
 As well in darkest Nights as in the Day,  
 Till th' Master's Pleasure is to go away ;  
 This Life they lead ; they run, they go, they wait,  
 With Patience take't, because it is their Fate.  
 From gen'rous Hands they oft with *Money* meet,  
 Which bitter Toil and Slavery makes sweet :  
 There's few but they will wait, and run, and go,  
 If they be sure they shall get *Money* so.

CLXIV. *On Post-Boys.*

Many dark Night, and cruel stormy Day,  
 In Frost and Snow, and filthy dirty way  
 Poor Post-Boys ride, sometimes are drown'd, or  
 starv'd ;  
 (It's wonderful how they shou'd be preserv'd !)

This

This Hardship they, poor Creatures, do endure,  
Great Hazards run, some Money to procure :  
Money's the Darling-Solace of their Mind,  
And th'only chief *Afyum* of Mankind.

CLXIV. *On Shepherds.*

If you have such a stock and store of Sheep,  
That you a Shepherd are enforc'd to keep ;  
Then over him you ought to take some care,  
Knavish and Roguish these Men often are.  
Not pleas'd with their Wage, more Gains to get,  
A Sheep or Lamb they now and then will take ;  
Then shew their Skins, and by some Dog they'll  
Chafed they were, and kill'd but yesterday, (say,  
Or by Misfortune fell into some Ditch,  
And so were drown'd, *Money* does them bewitch  
To steal the Muttons, their Needs to supply,  
Then think t'excuse the Matter with a Lye.  
He that gives too much Credit, and believes  
His Servants at all times, shall make 'em Thieves ;  
*Money* can them seduce, and make unjust,  
Forfake their Honesty, betray their Trust.

CLXVI. *On Warrenners.*

The Nimble Warrenner for Love of *Money*,  
Does now and then his Lord cheat of a Coney ;  
Nay many Dozen Couples he does take,  
Then great Complaints unto his Lord does make,  
That Foxes, Fowmarts, and the Birds of Prey,  
Destroy the Rabbits, carry them away,  
And some they tear, eat part, and leave the rest,  
That this is Truth, Sir, here behold the Test,  
Then shews some Bits of Skins torn for the nonce,  
But he's the Fox indeed, and this the Sconce ;  
He's worse than Vermin, and the Birds of Prey,  
He carries Flesh, and Skins, and all away.

## CLXVII.



CLXVII. *On Fiddlers.*

Fiddlers doe commeate from place to place,  
 To Weddings, Fairs, Cock-fightings and Horse-Race,  
 And such like Meetings, hoping there to find,  
 Some frolick Persons to them will be kind,  
 And *Money* give 'em, which their Hearts will chear,  
 And please as well as Musick does the Ear.  
 Nô Harmony like *Money* in one's Purse,  
 And where she's not, no Sadness can be worse :  
*Money's* the Universal *Anodyne*,  
 Of more Delight than Musick far, or Wine.  
 Where'er she comes, and stays, she'll Comfort bring,  
 Allay their Grief, that they with Joy can sing.

CLXVIII. *On Day-Labourers.*

If you to let a Piece of Work desire,  
 The Labourer, that duly works for Hire,  
 Will take't, and then will labour very sore,  
 Two-pence to get or Three-pence, sometimes more  
 Than daily Labour comes to, so the Man  
 Works late and early, with all strength he can ;  
 And when he gets his Wage it chears his Heart,  
 With Joy to's Wife and Children he'll depart.

CLXIX. *On Common Fowlers.* (Trade,

The Common Fowlers, which do make't their  
 In many Caw and Plash of Water wade ;  
 In Hail, and Frost, and Snow, they in pursuit  
 Perambulate, in hopes to find Game out,  
 And all this Pains they take with willing Mind,  
 Because thereby *Money* comes in they find, (get,  
 Which chears their Hearts & Minds when they her  
 Altho' their Hands and Feet be cold and wet ;  
 Let Poverty or Riches be one's Fate,  
*Money's* consolabund in ev'ry State.

## CLXX.

CLXX. *On Cow-herds.*

The silly Cow-herd trots and runs about,  
 Both gathers in the Cows and drives them out.  
 For some small Salary the poor Man waits,  
 Money, tho' little, helps him in his Streights.  
 Money where-e'er she comes does Kindness show,  
 Comfort affords, pays all, or part Men owe ;  
 Prevails with those that fierce and cruel are,  
 Where she appears, they further time will spare.

CLXXI. *On Swine-herds.*

The common Swine-herds Course is every Morn  
 To go about the Town, and wind his Horn ;  
 Then People let their Hogs go out at large,  
 And th' Swin-herd takes them all into his charge,  
 And into th' Fields he drives them Day by Day,  
 And there attends on them the time they stay ;  
 And when some signs of Rain or Storms appear,  
 Unto some Ditch or Hedge he then draws near,  
 And under Banks does sculk, till Night does come,  
 Then's Army he draws up, and marches home :  
 And thus poor Man he spends his slavish Life,  
 Some Money to procure for him and 's Wife,  
 And Family, and tho' it be but small  
 He gets, its better far than none at all.  
 A little Money brings him some Relief ;  
 But none at all affords him nought but Grief ;  
 And when his Fair's but mean, he ne'er complains,  
 But shapes his Mind according to his Means.

CLXXII. *On Highway-men and Padders.*

Some to get Money think no Pains too great,  
 Others for love of her lye, swear, and cheat ;  
 But Highway-men and Padders for her sake,  
 Venture their All, and set their Lives at Stake :

And

And whether they by Horse or Foot do rob,  
 Perchance those they assault may do their Jobb :  
 But if they're neither slain, nor sometimes hang'd,  
 Yet if they're seiz'd, they'll surely then be hang'd.  
 And tho' beforehand their hard Fate they know,  
 Yet they for Madam Money's sake do show  
 Such true Philargery they value not  
 Her to obtain, if they're kill'd on the Spot :  
 And few of them, tho' long time they have past,  
 But they are either kill'd or hang'd at last.  
*Money* is sure a Witch, that can entice  
 Fond Men to run just headlong into Vice,  
 And desperately to act and perpetrate  
 A Wickedness attended with such Fate,  
 Besides the Sin, does recompence their Pains  
 With hanging, sometimes gibbeted in Chains.

CLXXIII. *On Clippers and Coyners.*

The love of *Money* is so prevalent,  
 Some Men and Women are so fully bent  
 In quest of it, that they will undertake  
 To spoil the current Coin for Lucre's sake,  
 Clip, round, or wash, diminish or impair,  
 Or falsifie, all which Offences are  
 Treason by Law, and such as are descry'd,  
 And guilty thereof found when they are try'd,  
 Must suffer Death with scandal and disgrace ;  
 On Sleds the Men are drawn unto the place  
 Where they their ignominious *Exit* make ,  
 And Womens Doom is burning at a Stake.  
*Money* such Persons surely does enchant  
 Whole Minds and Thoughts these Terrors do not  
 daunt :

Her Charms are wonderful, that can require  
 Men to be hang'd, Women to burn i'th' Fire.

CLXXIV.

CLXXIV. *On Common Strumpets.*

The lewd debauched Mercenary Mifs,  
 For Money's sake will any Fellow kiss;  
 Lying, sitting, standing, what way you will,  
 She'll yield your lustful Humour to fulfill:  
 For Money's sake she shames not to be seen  
 In all the Postures shew'd by *Aritene*:  
 In Private or in Publick, what cares she,  
 If all the Town be standing by and see.  
 The common Jilt in Cath takes more delight,  
 Than in the lustful Carnal Appetite:  
 'Tis Money not the Man she does adore,  
 Money's the cause she turns a common Whore,  
 And prostitutes her self at any time,  
 Brute like, and has no sense of any Crime.

CLXXV. *On Miners.*

Miners that work below within the Ground,  
 For Coles, Lead, Tin, or Iron, oft are found  
 Crush'd by the falling in of Earth to Death,  
 Or Sulphurous Damps do rise, and stop their Breath.  
 The love of Money tempts them thus to venture,  
 For therein does their chiefest Comfort centre:  
 Its their *Alexicacon*, and no Evil,  
 They fear, if Money's got, no not the Devil;  
 Money, poor Souls, they do so highly prize,  
 To compass her, all Dangers they despise.  
 Into th' Abyss or darkest Pit they'll sink,  
 Midst noisome Vapours down e'en to Hell's Brink;  
 Adventure Life and Limbs, and all that's dear,  
 For Money's sake banish all panick fear.  
 Men boldly undertake, and fearless are,  
 In things where Money falls unto their share;  
 The love whereof in some does so excel,  
 That for her sake they'll headlong run to Hell.

## CLXXVI.

CLXXVI. *The Conclusion.*

Now Muse farewell, for both to Age and Youth,  
 In these thy Bluntisms thou hast told much truth.  
 Criticks will mock, and scornfully will smile,  
 Thy Verse appears in such a vulgar Style ;  
 'Tis Ballad-Rhime, not Verse thou canst profess,  
 But Truth appears best in a homely Dress.  
 If to th' Ingenious thou had'st only writ,  
 In high and lofty Strains thou must have fit  
 Thy Verse, their quaint nice Fancies to have hit.  
 To th' Mob as well as th' Learn'd thou dost declare,  
 So thou speaks home and plain to every Ear.  
 Thou dost not mince, extenuate, or glose,  
 But bare nak'd Truth thou plainly dost disclose ;  
 And tho' in general Terms thou hast set forth  
 The same, yet there are some of greater worth  
 And Vertue, that above Temptation are,  
 Whom neither Gold nor Silver can ensnare  
 A dirty or unlawful thing to act,  
 Or their Allegiance suffer to be crackt :  
 And so no general Rule there is but hath  
 Exception to it, as th' old Proverb saith :  
 But thou hast fairly thrown each one their Lot,  
 Some thou perhaps has humour'd, and some not.  
 For some will laugh, some fret, and some deride  
 At that which thou to them hast here apply'd :  
 But in this Case thou safely mayst conclude,  
 That none e'er yet cou'd please the Multitude.

CLXXVII. *The Epilogue.*

My Muse is tir'd, so has no more to say,  
 But that *Pecunie obediunt omnia.*

F I N I S.

*The*

A Lenten Litany.

*Composed for a Confiding Brother, for the Benefit and  
Edification of the Faithful Ones.*

**F**ROM Villany drest in the Doublet of Zeal,  
From three Kingdoms bak'd in one Common-  
weal,  
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Chancery-Writ, and a Whip and a Bell,  
From a Justice of Peace that never cou'd spell,  
From Colonel P. and the *Vicar of Hell*,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From Neat's Feet without Socks, and three-penny  
Pies,  
From a new sprung light that will put out ones Eyes,  
From Goldsmiths Hall, the Devil and Excise,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From two hours Talk without one Word of Sense,  
From Liberty still in the Future Tense,  
From a Parliament long-wasted Conscience,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Coppid Crown Tenent prick'd up by a  
Brother,  
From damnable Members and Fits of the Mother,  
From Ears like Oysters that grin at each other,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
From

From a Preacher in Buff, and a Quarter-staff Steeple,  
From th' unlimited Sovereign Power of the People,  
From a Kingdom that crawls on its Knees like a Creeple,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Vinegar Priest on a Crab-Tree Stock,  
From a Foddering of Prayer four Hours by the Clock,  
From a Holy Sister with a pitiful Smock,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a hunger-starv'd Sequestrator's Maw,  
From Revelations and Visions that never Man saw,  
From Religion without either Gospel or Law,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Nick and Froth of a Penny-Pot-House,  
From the Fiddle and Cross, and a great Scotch Louse,  
From Committees that chop up a Man like a Mousse,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From broken Shins, and the Blood of a Martyr,  
From the Titles of Lords, and Knights of the Garter,  
From the Teeth of Mad-Dogs, and a Country-man's Quarter,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Publick Faith, and an Egg and Butter,  
 From the *Irish* Purchases, and all their Clutter,  
 From *Omega's* Nose, when he settles to sputter,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Zeal of old *Harry* lock'd up with a  
 Whore,  
 From waiting with Plaints at the Parliament-Door,  
 From the Death of a King without Why or Where-  
 fore,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From the *French* Disease, and the Puritan Fry,  
 From such as ne'er Swear, but devoutly can Lye,  
 From cutting of Capers full three Story high,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From painted Glafs and Idolatrous Cringes,  
 From a *Presbyter's* Oath that turns upon Hinges,  
 From *Westminster Jews* with Levitical Fringes,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that is said, and a thousand times more,  
 From a Saint and his Charity to the Poor,  
 From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in  
 store,  
*Libera nos, &c.*



*The Second Part.*

**T**Hat if it please thee to assist  
 Our *Agitators* and their List,  
 And *Hemp* them with a gentle Twist,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to suppose  
 Our Actions are as good as those  
 That gull the People through the Nose,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee here to enter,  
 And fix the rumbling of our Centre,  
 For we live all at Peradventure,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to unite  
 The Flesh and Bones unto the Sprite,  
 Else Faith and Literature good night,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee O that we  
 May each Man know his Pedigree,  
 And save that Plague of Heraldry,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee in each Shire,  
 Cities of Refuge Lord to rear,  
 That sailing Brethren may know where,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to abhor us;  
 Or any such dear favour for us,  
 That thus hath wrought thy Peoples Sorrows,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embrace  
 Our days of thanks and fasting face,  
 For robbing of thy Holy place,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to adjourn  
 The Day of Judgment, lest we burn,  
 For lo ! It is not for our turn,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to admit  
 A Close Committee there to sit,  
 No Devil to a human Wit!  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to dispense  
 A little for convenience,  
 Or let us play upon the sense,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embalm  
 The Saints in Robin Wisdom's Psalm,  
 And make them musical and calm,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee since 'tis doubt  
 Satan cannot throw Satan out,  
 Unite us and the High-land rout,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*  
 A

## A Satyr on the Modern Translators.

*Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.*

By Mr. P——r.

SInce the united cunning of the Stage,  
 Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age :  
 Since *Betterton* of late so thrifty's grown,  
 Revives old Plays, or wisely acts his own :  
 Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhimes,  
 Makes the compleatest Poet of our Times :  
 Those who with nine Months toil had spoil'd a  
 Play,  
 In hopes of eating at a full Third Day,  
 Justly despairing longer to sustain  
 A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,  
 Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Voca-  
 tions,  
 Atoning for bad Plays, with worse Translations ;  
 And like old *Sternbold*, with laborious spite,  
 Burlesque what nobler Muses better write :  
 Thus while they for their causes only seem  
 To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.  
 So breaking *Vintners* to increase their Wine,  
 With nauseous Drugs debauch the generous Vine :  
 So barren *Gipsies* for recruit are said,  
 With Strangers Issue to maintain the Trade ;  
 But lest the fair Bantling should be known,  
 A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears,

But to save the Town Censure and lessen his Fears,  
Joyn'd with a Spark whose Title makes me civil,  
For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil:  
Such mighty Thoughts from *Ovid's* Letters flow,  
That the Translation is a Work for two ;  
Who in one Copy joyn'd their Shame have shewn,  
Since *T——e* could spoil so many tho' alone :  
My Lord I thought so generous would prove,  
To scorn a Rival in affairs of Love :  
But well he knew his teeming Pangs were vain,  
Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain ;  
And that when part of *Hudibras's* Horse  
Jogg'd on, the other wou'd not hang an Arse ;  
So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful hallow,  
He drags his sluggish Mate, and *Tray* must follow.  
But how could this learn'd Brace employ their  
time ?

One construed sure, while th'other pump'd for  
Rhime :

Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,  
The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cæsar's* Deeds :  
This, from his Partner's acts ensures his Name,  
Oh sacred thirst of everlasting *Fame* !  
That could defile those well cut Nails with Ink,  
And make his Honour condescend to think :  
But what Excuse, what Preface can atone,  
For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has snugly done ?  
*Bayes*, whose *Rose-Alley* Ambuscade injoyn'd,  
To be to Vices which he practis'd kind,  
And brought the Venom of a spiteful *Satyr*,  
To the late innocence of a *dull Translator*.

*Bayes,*

*Bayes*, who by all the Club was thought most fit  
 To violate the *Mantuan Prophet's* Wit,  
 And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.  
 When I behold the Rovings of his Muse,  
 How soon *Affyrian* Ointments she would lose  
 For Diamond Buckles sparkling at their Shooes.  
 When *Virgil's* height is lost, when *Ovid* soars,  
 And in Heroics *Canace* deplores  
 Her Follies louder than her Father roars,  
 I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;  
 In lofty Verses make *Maximin* Blaspheme,  
 Or sing in softer Ayres St. *Katharine's* Dream.  
 Nay, I cou'd hear him damn last Age's Wit,  
 And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;  
 His Envy shou'd at powerful *Cowley* rage,  
 And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage:  
 His Sacrilege should plunder *Shakespeare's* Urn,  
 With a dull Prologue make the Ghost return  
 To bear a second Death, and greater Pain,  
 While the Fiend's Words the Oracle prophane;  
 But when not satisfy'd with Spoils at home,  
 The Pyrate wou'd to foreign Borders roam;  
 May he still split on some unlucky Coast,  
 And have his Works or Dictionary lost;  
 That he may know what *Roman* Authors mean,  
 No more than does our blind Translatress *Behn*.

The Female Wit; who next convicted stands,  
 Not for abusing *Ovid's* Verse but *Sand's*:  
 She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd  
 Grace,  
 (Which little helps the ruin of her Face)  
 That Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,  
 When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art:

Nor strive in *Ovid's* Letters to have shown,  
 As much of Skill, as Lewdness in her own :  
 Then let her from the next inconstant Lover,  
 Take a new Copy for a second Rover :  
 Describe the cunning of a jilting Whore,  
 From the ill Arts her self has us'd before ;  
 Thus let her write, but paraphrase no more.

R—mer to *Crambo* privilege does claim,  
 Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name ;  
 Which Providence in contradiction meant,  
 Tho' he Predestination cou'd prevent,  
 And with bold dulness translate Heaven's intent.  
 Rash Man! we paid thee Adoration due,  
 That ancient Criticks were excell'd by you :  
 Each little Wit to your Tribunal came,  
 To hear their Doom, and to secure their Fame :  
 But for Respect you servilely sought Praise,  
 Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's  
 Bayes ;

While wise Reflections, and a grave Discourse,  
 Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horse*.  
 So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,  
 From sleeping Judges to the noisie Crew ;  
 Chang'd awful Ermin for a servile Gown,  
 And to an humble Fawning smooth'd his Frown :  
 The *Simile* will differ here indeed ;  
 You cannot versifie, tho' he can plead.

To painful *Creech* my last Advice descends,  
 That he and Learning would at length be friends ;  
 That he'd command his dreadful Forces home,  
 Not be a second *Hannibal* to *Rome*.

But

But since no Counsel his Resolves can bow ;  
 Nor may thy Fate, O *Rome*, resist his Vow ;  
 Debarr'd from Pens as Lunaticks from Swords,  
 He shou'd be kept from waging War with Words.  
 Words which at first like Atoms did advance  
 To the just measure of a tuneful Dance,  
 And jump't to form, as did his Worlds, by chance.  
 This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town,  
 The Wits confirm'd his Labours with renown,  
 And swear the early Atheist for their own.  
 Had he stopt here—but ruin'd by success,  
 With a new Spawn he fill'd the burthen'd Press,  
 Till, as his Volumes swell'd, his Fame grew less.  
 So Merchants flatter'd with increasing Gain,  
 Still tempt the falshood of the doubtful Main ;  
 So the first running of the lucky Dice,  
 Does eager Bully to new Bets intice ;  
 Till Fortune urges him to be undone,  
 And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.  
 Witness this Truth *Lucretia's* wretched Fate,  
 Which better have I heard my Nurse relate ;  
 The Matron suffers Violence again,  
 Not *Tarquin's* Lust so vile as *Creech's* Pen ;  
 Witness those Heaps his Mid-night Studies raise,  
 Hoping to rival *Ogilby* in Praise :  
 Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,  
 Which with most Justice might deserve the Prize ;  
 Had not the first the Town with Cuts pleas'd,  
 And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner Rank I wou'd rehearse,  
 But will not plague your Patience nor my Verse :  
 In long Oblivion may they happy lie,  
 And with their Writings may their Folly die.

Now

Now why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,  
 And make his very Book an Exile too,  
 In Words more barbarous than the place he knew?  
 If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,  
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated?  
 Had he foreseen some ill officious Tongue,  
 Wou'd in unequal Strains blaspheme his Song;  
 Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame shou'd e'er pre-  
 vent

The just Performance of his wise Intent :  
 Smiling he'd seen his martyr'd Work expire,  
 Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.

Some Fop in Preface may those Thefts excuse,  
 That *Virgil* was the draught of *Homer's* Muse :  
 That *Horace* by *Pindar's* Lyre was strung,  
 By the great Image of whose Voice he sung ;  
 They found the Mass, 'tis true, but in their Mould  
 They purg'd the drossy Oar to current Gold :  
 Mending their Pattern, they escap'd the Curse,  
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.  
 But when we bind the Lyric up to Rhyme,  
 And lose the Sense to make the Poem chime :  
 When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,  
 To ravish Milk-maids in our *English* Plains ;  
 And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our Shore,  
 Must, like our Locust *Hugonots*, be poor ;  
 I'd bid th'importing Club their pains forbear,  
 And traffick in our own, tho' homely Ware,  
 Whilst from themselves the honest Vermin spin,  
 I'd like the Texture, tho' the Web be thin ;  
 Nay, take *Crown's* Plays, because his own, for wit ;  
 And praise what *D'urfey*, not translating, writ.

On



## On Women.

## I.

*Why Women were made.*

**W**OMAN in the Beginning ( as 'tis said )  
 To be an help to Man was chiefly made :  
 Then ought not Women much to be commended,  
 Who answer th' end for which they were intended ?  
 Women were made to help Men, so they do,  
 Some unto Sorrow, Grief, Diseases too ;  
 Others do their kind Husbands help to spend  
 Their whole Estates ; thus answer they their End.  
 Some help Men unto more than they were born  
 To have, ( I mean ) *Adam's* Head and Horn.

## II.

*Of what Woman was made.*

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when  
 She form'd her of the crookedst Parts in Men :  
 Nature first fram'd her of a Man's Rib, she  
 Then can't chuse but a cross-grain'd Creature be.  
 And ever since ( it may not be deny'd )  
 Poor Man hath subject been t' a Stitch i'th' Side.  
 Yet some there are, who in a grateful Mind,  
 Would soundly rib their Husbands, cou'd they find  
 A good tough Cudgel, and make this their Answer,  
 They but restore what *Eve* stole from their Grand-  
 fire :  
 And 'tis a Reason too ( as't hath been try'd )  
 A bad Wife sits so close t' her Husband's Side,

## III.

III.

*What they committed so soon as they were made.*

No sooner made, but she runs into all  
Mischiefe her self, then causeth Man to fall :  
And now that Judgment on their Sex is doubled,  
They're with a two-fold Falling-Sickness troubled.

IV.

*To what they are now likened.*

Women in Love and Lust compared be  
Unto a Pumice-Stone, for that we see  
Is full of Holes ; so they when once in Love,  
Most hollow-hearted to their Servants prove ;  
In Love they like it are, 'cause they dissemble,  
But when they Lust most, they it most resemble.  
Play with a lustful Girl, and you shall see  
How like unto the Pumice-Stone she'll be,  
Which way so e'er you do her troul,  
You'll find against you still an open Hole.

C H A.

---

# CHARACTER

OF A

Certain Ugly Old P----

---

— *Deformem & tetrum ante omnia Vultum,  
Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,  
Pendentesque genas, ac tales aspice rugas,  
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,  
In vetula scalpit jam mater simia bucca, &c.*

Juven. Sat. 10.

Assist ye nasty Powers  
To describe him thorowout,  
I'll dip my Pen in T——  
And write upon a shitten Clout.

*Tartaret. de modo Cacandi, p. 9.*

NO Wonder if I am at a Loss to describe him, whom Nature was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in Painting, where the most mishapen Figures are the greatest Proofs of Skill. To draw a *Thersites* or *Aesop* well, requires the Pencil of *Vandike* or *Titian*, more than the best Features and Lineaments. All the Thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigested as himself. The very Idea and Conception of him are enough to cramp Grammar,

10

to disturb *Sense*, and confound *Syntax*. He's a *Solecism* in the great *Construction*, therefore the best *Description* of him is *Nonsense*, and the fittest *Character* to write it in, that *Por-book-hand* the *Devil* us'd at *Oxford* in *Queen's-College-Library*. He were *Topick* enough for convincing an *Atheist* that the *World* was made by *Chance*. The first *Matter* had more of *Form* and *Order*, the *Chaos* more of *Symmetry* and *Proportion*. I could call him *Nature's By-blow*, *Miscarriage* and *Abortive*, or say, he is her *Embryo* flink'd before *Maturity*; but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher *Pitch* to reach his *Deformity*. He is the ugliest she ever took *Pains* to make so, and *Age* to make worse. All the *Monsters* of *Africa* lie kennell'd in his single *Skin*. He's one of the *Grotesques* of the *Universe*, whom the grand *Artist* drew only (as *Painters* do uncouth ugly *Shapes*) to fill up the empty *Spaces* and *Cantons* of this great *Frame*. He's *Man* anagrammatiz'd: A *Mandrake* has more of *Humane Shape*: His *Face* carries *Libel* and *Lampoon* in't: *Nature* at its *Composition* wrote *Burlesque*, and shew'd him how far she could out-do *Art* in *Grimace*. I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the *Play-houses* to draw antick *Vizards* by. Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and design'd for the *Scaramuchio* of *Mankind*. When I see him, I can no more forbear than at sight of a *Zany* or *Nokes*; but am like to run the *Risque* of the *Philosopher*, looking on an *Ass* mumbling *Thistles*. He's more ill-favour'd than the *Picture* of *Winter* drawn by a Fellow that dawbs *Sign-Posts*, more lowring than the last *Day* of *January*. I have seen a handsomer *Mortal* carv'd in *Monumental Gingerbread*, and woven in *Hangings* at *Mortlock*. If you have ever view'd that wooden *Gentleman* that peeps out of a *Country Barber's Window*, you may fanſie some *Reſemblance* of him. His damnd'd squeezing *Cloſe-ſtool-Face* can be liken'd to nothing better than the *Buttocks* of an old wrinkled *Baboon*, ſtraining upon an *Hillock*. The very *Sight* of him in a *Morning* would work with one beyond *Falap* and *Rhubarb*. A *Doctor* (I'm told) once preſcrib'd him to one of his *Parifhioners* for a *Purge*: He wrought the *Effect*, and gave the *Patient* fourteen

*Stools.*

*Stools.* 'Tis pity he is not drawn at the *City Charges*, and hung up in some publick *Forica*, as a *Remedy* against *Coftiveness*.

Indeed by his *Hue* you might think he had been employed to that use: One would take him for the Picture of *Scoggin* or *Tarleton* on a *Privy-house* Door, which by long standing there has contracted the Colour of the neighbouring *Excrements*. Reading lately how *Gargantua* came into the World at his Mother's Ear, it put an unlucky Thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fanfied that he was voided, not brought forth; that his *Dam* was deliver'd of him on t'other side, beslit him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the *Strains*. His filthy *Countenance* looks like an old *Chimney-piece* in a decay'd Inn, sully'd with *Smoke*, and the sprinkling of *Ale-pots*. 'Tis dirtier than an ancient thumb'd *Record*, greasier than a *Chandler's Shop-Book*. You'd imagine *Snails* had crawl'd the *Hay* upon it. The *Cafe* of it is perfect *Vellum*, and has often been mistaken for it: A *Scrivener* was like to cheapen it for making *Indentures* and *Deeds*: Besides 'tis as wrinkled as a walking *Buskin*: It has more *Furrows* than all *Cotswold*. You may resemble it to a *Gammon* of *Bacon* with the *Sword* off. I believe the *Devil* travels over it in his Sleep with *Hob-Nails* in his *Shoes*. By the *Maggot-eaten* Surface, you'd swear he had been dug out of his *Grave* again with all his *Worms* about him to bait *Eel-Hooks*. But enough of it in General, I think it time to descend to *Particulars*; I wish I could divide his Face, as he does his *Text*; i. e. tear it asunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the most remarkable part of it. His *Mouth* (saving your presence *Christian Readers*) is like the *Devil's Arse* of *Peak*, and is just as large. By the *Scent* you'd take it for the *Hole* of a *Privy*: He may be winded by a good *Nose* at twelve-score; I durst have ventur'd at first being in Company, that he dieted on *Assa-fetida*. His very *Disaourse* stinks in a *Literal sense*; 'tis *breaking-Wind*, and you'd think he talk'd at the other End. Last *New-years-day* he tainted a *Loin* of *Veal* with saying *Grace*: All the *Guests* were fain to use the *Fanatical Posture*

*sure* in their own *Defence*, and stand with their *Caps* over their *Eyes* like *Malefactors* going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is that it can't be stopp'd: The *Breach* is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a *Milliner*, he might measure *Ribbon* by it without the help of his *Yard* or *Counter*. It reaches so far backwards, those that have seen him with his *Peruke* off, say it may be discern'd behind. When he gapes, 'twould stretch the *Dutchess* of *Cl*— to straddle over: I had almost said 'tis as wide as from *Dover* to *Calice*. Could he shut it, the *Wrinkles* round about would represent the *Form* of the *Seamens Compass*, and should he bluster, 'twere a pretty *Emblem* of those swelling *Mouthes* at the *Corners* of *Maps*, puffing out *Storms*. When he *Smoaks*, I am always thinking of *Mongibel* and its *Eruptions*. His *Head* looks exactly like a *Devise* on a *Kitchin Chimney*; his *Mouth* the *Vent*, and his *Nose* the *Fane*. And now I talk of his *Snout*, I dare not mention the *Elephant's* for fear of speaking too little: I'd make bold with the old *Wit*, and compare it to the *Gnomon* of a *Dial*; but that he has not *Teeth* enough to stand for the *twelve Hours*. 'Tis so long that when he rides a *Journey*, he makes use of it to open *Gates*. He's fain to snite it with both *Hands*. It cannot be wip'd under as much as the *Royal Breech*. A *Man* of ordinary *Bulk* might find shelter under it's *Eves*, were it not for the *Droppings*. One protested to me in *Railery*, that when he looks against the *Sun*, it shadows his whole *Body*, as some *Story* of the *Sciopodes Feet*. Another *Hyberbolical Rascal* would make me believe, that the *Arches* of it are as large as any two of *London-Bridge*, or the great *Rialto* at *Venice*. Not long a-go I met a one-leg'd *Tar-pawlin* that had been begging at his *Door*, but could get nothing: The witty *Whoreson* (I remember) swore that his *Bow-sprit* was as long as that of the *Royal Sovereign*. I confess, stood he in my way, I durst not venture round by his *Fore-side*, for fear of going half a *Mile* about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the *Cape*: He has this *Privilege* for being unmannerly, that it will not suffer him to put off his *Hat*: And therefore ('tis said) at home he has a  
Cord

*Cord* fasten'd to it, and draws it off with a *Pully*, and so receives the *Addressees* of those that visit him. This I'm very confident, he has not heard himself sneeze these *Seven Years*: And that leads me to his *Tools of Hearing*: His *Ears* resemble those of a *Country Justice's Black Jack*, and are of the same *Matter, Hue, and Size*: He's as well hung as any *Hound* in the *Country*; but by their *Bulk* and *growing upward*, he deserves to be rank'd with the graver sort of *Beasts*: His single self might have shewn with *Sneek*, and all the *Club Divines*. You may pare enough from the *sides* of his *Head* to have furnish'd a whole *Regiment of Round-Heads*: He wears more there than all the *Pillories* in *England* ever have done. *Mandevile* tells us of a *People* somewhere, that use their *Ears* for *Cushions*: He has reduced the *Legend* to *Probability*. A *Servant* of his (that could not conceal the *Midus*) told me lately in private, that going to *Bed* he binds them on his *Crown*, and they serve him instead of *Quilt Night-Caps*. The next observable that falls under my *Consideration* is his *Back*: Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his *Shoulders*: He was built with a *Buttress* to support the weight of his *Nose*, and help balance it. *Nature* hung on him a *Knapsack*, and made him represent both *Tinker* and *Budget* too. He looks like the visible *Tye* of *Aeneas* bolstr'ing up his *Father*, or like a *Beggar-Woman* endor'd with her whole *Literary*, and with *Child* behind. You may take him for *Anti-Christopher* with the *Devil* at his *Back*. I believe the *Atlas* in *Wadham Garden* at *Oxford* was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a *Cupping-Glass*: His *Mother* long'd for *Pumpions*, or went to see some *Camel* shewn while she was conceiving him. One would think a *Mole* has crept into his *Cavease* before 'tis laid in the *Church-yard*, and Rooted in it, or that an *Earthquake* had disorder'd the *Symmetry* of the *Microcosm*, sunk one *Mountain* and put up another. And now I should descend lower, if I durst venture: But I'll not defile my *Pen*: My *Ink* is too cleanly for a farther *Description*. I must beg my *Reader's Distance*, as if I were going to *Untruss*. Should I mention what is beneath, the very *Fakes* would

K.

suffer

suffer by the *Comparison*, and 'twere enough to bring a *Boghouse* in Disgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good People on the *Parliament-house*, only from the *Shoulders* upwards. To me 'tis a greater *Prodigy* than himself: how his *Soul* has so long endur'd so nasty a *Lodging*. Were there such a thing as a *Metempsychosis*, how gladly would it exchange its *Carcass* for that of the worst and vilest *Brute*: I'm sufficiently perswaded against the *Whim* of *Præ-Existence*; for any thing that had the *Pretence* of *Reason* would never have enter'd such a *Durance* of *Choice*: Doubtless it must have been guilty of some unheard of *Sin*, for which *Heaven* dooms it *Penance* in the present *Body*, and ordains its first *Hell* here. And 'tis disputable which may prove the worst, for't has suffer'd half an *Eternity* already. Men can hardly tell which of the *two* will out-live the other. By his *Face* you'd guess him one of the *Patriarchs*, and that he liv'd before the *Flood*: His *Head* looks as if it had worn out *three* or *four* *Bodies*, and were Legacied to him by his *Great-Grand-father*. His *Age* is out of *Knowledge*, I believe he was born before *Registers* were invented. He should have been a *Ghost* in *Queen Mary's* Days. I wonder *Hollingshead* does not speak of him. Every *Limb* about him is *Chronicle*: *Par* and *John* of the *Times* were *short-Livers* unto him. They say he can remember when *Pauls* was founded, and *London-Bridge* built. I my self have heard him tell all the *Stories* of *York* and *Lancaster* upon his own *Knowledge*. His very *Cane* and *Spectacles* are enough to set up an *Antiquary*. The first was the *Walking-staff* of *Lanfranc* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, which is to be seen by his *Arms* upon the *Head* of it: The other belong'd to the *Chaplain* of *William the Conqueror*; was of *Norman* make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis strange the late Author of *M. Fickle* forgot to make his *Sir Arthur Oldlove* swear by them, the *Oath* had been of as good *Antiquity* as *St. Austin's Night-Cap*, or *Mahomet's Threshold*. I have often wonder'd he never set up for a *Conjurer*: His very *Look* wou'd bring him in *Vogue*, draw *Custom*, and undo *Lilly* and



and Gadbury. You'd take him for the Ghost of old Haly  
 or Albumazar; or the Spirit Friar in the Fortune Book, his  
 Head for the enchanted Brazen one of Friar Bacon.  
 'Twou'd pose a good Physiognomist to give Names to the  
 Lines in his Face. I've observ'd all the Figures and Dia-  
 grams in Agrippa and Ptolomy's Centiloquies there upon  
 strict view. And t'other Day a Linguist of my Acquain-  
 tance shew'd me all the Arabick Alphabet betwixt his  
 Brow and Chin. Some have admired how he came to  
 be admitted into Orders, since his very Face is against the  
 Canon: I guess he pleaded the Qualification of the Pro-  
 phets of Old, to be wither'd, toothless, and deform'd. He  
 can pretend to be an Elisha only by his Baldness. The  
 Devils Oracles heretofore were utter'd from such a Mouth.  
 'Twas then the Candidates for the Tripus were fain to  
 plead Wrinkles and Grey Hairs; a splay-mouth and a gog-  
 gle-eye were the cheapest Simony; and the ugly and crippled  
 were the only Men of Preferment. And this leads me to  
 consider him a little in the Pulpit. And there 'tis hard  
 to distinguish whether that or his Skin be the courser  
 Wainscot. He represents a crackt Weather-Glass in a  
 Frame. You'd take him by his Looks and Posture for  
 Muggleton doing Penitence, and paulted with rotten Eggs.  
 Had his Hearers the trick of writing short-hand, I shou'd  
 fancy him an Offender upon a Scaffold, and them penning  
 his Confession. Not a fluxt Debauch in a sweating Tub  
 makes worse Faces. He makes Doctrine as Folks do their  
 Water in the Stone or Strangury. Balaam's Ass was a  
 better Divine, and had a better Delivery. The Thorn at  
 Glastonbury had more Sense and Religion, and would  
 make more Converts. He speaks not, but grunts, like one  
 of the Gadarene Hogs after the Devils enter'd 'em. When  
 I came first to his Church, and saw him perch on high  
 against a Pillar, I took him by his gaping for some Jug-  
 gler going to swallow Bibles and Hour-Glasses. But I  
 was soon convinc'd that other Feats were to be play'd,  
 and on a sudden lost all my Senses in Noise. A Drun-  
 ken Huntsman reeling in while he was at Prayer, asked  
 if he were giving his Parishioners a Hollow: He has

preached half his *Parish* deaf: His *Din* is beyond the *Catadups* of Nile. All his *Patron's Pigeons* are frighted from their *Apartment*, and he's generally believ'd the *Occasion*. He may be heard farther than Sir *Samuel Moorland's Flagelet*. Nay one damn'd mad *Rogue* swore, Should he take a *Text* concerning the *Resurrection*, he might serve for the last *Trumpet*. And yet in one *Respect* he's fitted for the *Function*; his *Countenance*, if not *Doctrine*, can scare Men into *Repentance*, like an *Apparition*. Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful than now while he is alive.

A *Maid* meeting him in the *Dark* in a *Church-Yard*, was frighted into *Phanaticism*. Another is in *Bedlam* upon the same *Occasion*. I dare not approach him without an *Exorcism*. In the *Name*, &c. is the fittest *Salutation*: Some have thought the *Parsonage-House* haunted since he dwelt there. In *Yorkshire* ('tis reported) they make use of his *Name* instead of *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*, to fright *Children*. He is more terrible than those *Phantoms* *CountryFolks* tell of by the *Fire side*, and pretend to have seen, with *leathern Wings*, *cloven Feet*, and *sawcer Eyes*. If he go to *Hell* (as 'tis almost an *Article* of my *Creed* he will) the *Devils* will quake for all their warm *Dwelling*, and crowd up into a *Nook* for fear of him.

THE

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